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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE SICILIAN INSURRECTION.

WE continue in this number our series of illustrations of the INSURRECTION IN SICILY. Besides the graphic picture below, the reader will find on page 420 two fine engravings of GARIBALDI'S CAMP and the ENTRY INTO PALERMO. Our last number contained splendid engravings of the DEPARTURE OF GARIBALDI'S FORCE FROM GENOA, and of the ROYAL PALACE AT PALERMO. In Nos. 180 and 181 will be found fine views of PALERMO, MESSINA, and NAPLES, a splendid PORTRAIT OF GARIBALDI, and a very accurate and valuable MAP OF THE KINGDOM OF THE TWO SICILIES, etc.

MUSA.

AWAY with you, baby, away to the garden,
And leave ugly Latin to Algernon, do:
He *must* learn the lesson, although it's a hard one,
But, darling, there's plenty of time before you.

Oh, if you but knew, dear, you'd run like the kitten,
And scamper away from a future that waits:—
If you knew the dry nonsense the big folks have written
On purpose to pester the little folks' pates.

We want all poor Algernon's deepest attention,
You see his sad case by the way that he frowns;
He's fighting a thing that they call a declension—
A sort of a regiment of soldiers called nouns.

AWAY WITH YOU, BABY, AWAY TO THE GARDEN.

He'll beat them, you know, for he's brave and he's willing;
And going to work at them, hammer and tongs,
And mamma knows who'll give him a splendid new shilling
As soon as he's perfect to—here, see,—"*By Songs.*"

So don't interrupt him, my darling, with chatter,
He stops in his lesson to look up and laugh:
His fragile conception of datives you scatter,
And cut his poor ablative plural in half.

What, blue eyes wide open at hearing such tidings,
At being accused in such very long words,
And looking as wistful as if they were chidings?
No, darling, run off to the flowers and the birds.

Eh? *you* want a lesson? Well! count all those roses,
For each you leave out you must pay me a kiss:
And Al shall be free, too, the moment he knows his
Musæ, musarum, mu—what, Al?—*musis.*

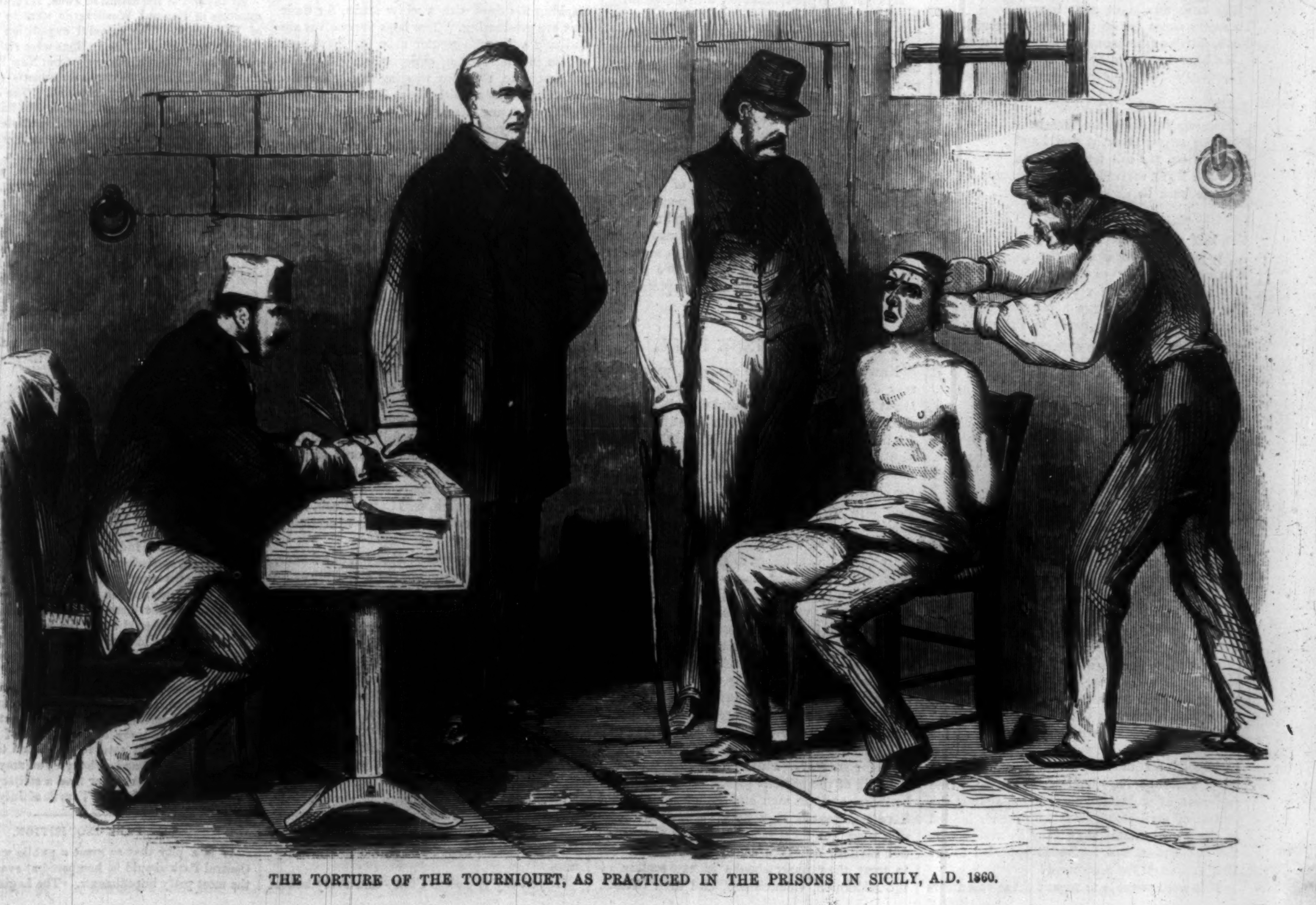
So off with you, baby, and O! be contented
That you've got no lesson to cloud that white brow,
Some day you'll wish Latin had not been invented:
Perhaps, in her heart, mamma wishes so now.

TORTURE IN SICILY.

THE papers are full of accounts of the fiendish cruelties practiced by the Neapolitan jailers upon political prisoners: we now engrave a scene of torture which will make the blood of many a reader run cold. The engraving represents the application of the tourniquet to a prisoner who is suspected of sympathy with Garibaldi. The tourniquet is a cord passed round the head, and tightened by means of a stick inserted in it till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. In the instance depicted in our engraving the torture is inflicted in the presence of the head of the police, Maniscalco, who stands at the table watching its effects and hoping to extort a confession from the writhing victim, who, previous to the application of the tourniquet, had been bastinadoed on the soles of the feet.

M. Charles de la Varenne has lately published a detailed account of the tortures practiced on prisoners in Sicily. Many of the cases he describes are too horrible for publication.

"Every commissary, every jailer," says M. de la Varenne,



THE TORTURE OF THE TOURNIQUET, AS PRACTICED IN THE PRISONS IN SICILY, A.D. 1860.

"has his own method of applying torture. It is revolting to come to details, but they are unhappily exact, and confirmed by official authority. The famous Pontillo owes his reputation to the species of torture which he applies in his own commissariat, making the victim sit down in a railed arm-chair set with razor-blades, under which is placed a pan of burning coals. The inspector, Louis Maniscalco, the namesake of the General Director, applies to the accused little iron hands provided with a closing-screw. This is called, in the language of the police, 'the angelic instrument.' The jailer, Bruno, belonging to the police commissariat of the odious Çarrega (there is a prison in each commissariat), tortures by stripping the victim of his clothes and binding his head between his legs. Others employ the torture of the tourniquet, drawing a cord with a stick inserted in it tight round the head of the accused till the skin cracks and the eyes start from their sockets. Some have recourse to starvation, to blows, to the deprivation of light and breathable air. But the satellite of the Director-General who outstrips all others is the notorious Captain Chennici, born a peasant in the village of Belmonte, a robber by profession, and now an officer of police and a rich proprietor."

There can be very little question of the ultimate fate of a régime which sustains itself by such atrocities as these.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river?

II.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river.
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

III.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

IV.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
Then notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes as he sate by the river.

V.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river!)
"The only way since gods began
To make sweet music they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

VI.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan,
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

VII.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
To laugh, as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man.
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

THE IRISH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT seems that the Pope has not, after all, got such a bargain in his Irish recruits. By the latest advices from Rome Lamoricière is debating whether the sympathy of his Irish friends does not cost more than it is worth. At Ancona and some other places, it appears, the Irish levies not only quarreled so fiercely among themselves as almost to demoralize the garrison, but insisted upon quarters, rations, and subsidies far beyond the capacity of the poor Pope's exchequer. Indeed, from all the accounts which reach us, it would seem that these new champions of Papal despotism are likely to prove even a greater nuisance to his Holiness than the Transteverini themselves. Unhappily for the Pope, they can not be got rid of without some trouble and expense. One regiment, after leaving their home against the protest of their Government, no sooner landed in the Papal States than they quarreled with the authorities, and forthwith appealed to the British Consul for protection!

If it were possible to regard these volunteers as isolated individuals their conduct would hardly justify comment. Every country contains a certain number of reckless ne'er-do-weels, who are ready to seek excitement in warfare as soldiers of fortune, caring nothing about the justice of the cause for which they fight. But the course of the Irish press, and the attitude of Irish leaders abroad and at home forbid the assumption that the Pope's Irish mercenaries belong to this class. Irish prelates bless the recruits as they leave their country in defiance of the law; Irish journals praise the enterprise, and invoke blessings on its issue; Irish gentlemen subscribe money, and proclaim their sympathy with the Pope's cause and with his new defenders. Even here, in New York, Archbishop Hughes arrests the course of divine service to utter a violent appeal on behalf of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and to denounce, with characteristic bitterness, the Roman people who have the audacity to seek freedom for themselves and their children. Surely it is not unjust, in view of these indications, to assume that the Irish race at large is responsible for the conduct of the Pope's Irish mercenaries.

To a philosophic mind these considerations are unimportant. We know very well that all the Irish in the world can not prevent the accomplishment of God's purposes in Italy. If the sons of Saint Patrick were twice as numerous as they are, and ten times as valuable allies as they are proving, they could not long uphold the rotten, loathsome, hideous despotism which now renders Central Italy a wilderness. The right must prevail in spite of man's wrongheadedness and priests' appeals to ignorance and superstition.

But the Irish demonstrations in favor of Papal tyranny should not be thrown away upon us. We, too, have our battle with the Pope, not only in this city, but in the country at large. The Irish race in the United States is very powerful, far more so than its mere numbers would justify. It rules most of the large cities, not only on the sea-board, but in the interior also. Our native population, and the bulk of our German, English, and Scotch settlers generally become producers and tillers of the earth; the Irish cling to the cities, and while generally remaining in a position of pecuniary dependence, console themselves, with the aid of universal suffrage and loose electoral laws, by usurping political predominance. Irishmen fill a large proportion of the lucrative municipal offices: they elect mayors, aldermen, and councilmen: they are inspectors of election, commissioners of streets, contractors; wherever you hear of elections carried by violence or fraud, you will generally find that the evil-doers are Terences or Paddies or Mickeys. In this city, the metropolis of the United States, their influence is great enough to have honest school-teachers dismissed for the crime of reading the Bible to their scholars.

It is this Irish predominance, which is steadily on the increase, which renders the Irish sympathy with the Pope so instructive. For, as things tend at present, the ruling classes in this country will soon be mainly Irish, and the power of Archbishop Hughes (who already declares himself above the laws) in the United States may presently be little less than that of the Pope in Central Italy. It is well that we should see betimes what sort of men these coming rulers of ours are likely to prove. This is a very uncertain world, and full of dramatic surprises: who shall say that the peculiarities of the Papal Government in Italy and those of the old Irish government in Ireland may not be reproduced in this country? Things stranger far have been seen in past times. We should not let such a contingency find us unprepared.

THE JAPANESE BALL.

Now that the Japanese are gone, perhaps it may do no harm to talk a little plain truth about their reception here, and especially about the great ball on the 25th. We have all blushed for the brutality which characterized the reception of our guests at Philadelphia and Baltimore; nothing, certainly, could have been better calculated to give intelligent foreigners a poor idea of our civilization than the rowdy conduct of the populace of these two cities on the occasion of their visit. But, after all, is New York in a condition to cast the first stone?

It was understood, long before, that New York was to give a grand ball in honor of the Japanese. A very large sum of money was appropriated for the purpose. Arrangements were made for an entertainment worthy of the city: no expense was spared to combine scenic effect with gorgeous display and profuse hospitality. The ball is over, and what is the public verdict? Decent people are all agreed that it was a monstrous failure.

There was a prodigious crowd there; but who were the guests? From all that we can learn the bulk of the persons present had no right to be there, and the men and women who should have represented New York on such an occasion were not there—many because they were not invited, others because they were afraid to trust their pocket-books in the society of the Aldermen, Councilmen, and their friends. The business of inviting guests was left to a joint Committee of Aldermen and Councilmen. They invited their friends in the first place, and we need not describe the class of society to which friends of New York Aldermen and Councilmen belong; these supplied with tickets, the others were sold, and the money pocketed by some one. One man, a brother of an Alderman, sold tickets openly at a leading hotel; he testifies that the business was extensively prosecuted by others. Tickets were freely offered by Jews in Wall Street at $20 and upward. One man—of course a city official—is said to have netted $2000 by the sale of tickets. Having said this much, need we add that gamblers, and other persons fully as objectionable, found their way into the ball; and that of the few respectable men who were invited, many shrank from availing themselves of the invitation to appear in such company?

Tickets were supplied to the press in the shape of the following letter:

"SIR,—In order to prevent unauthorized parties to represent the Press, the Committee of the Common Council have agreed upon issuing a note to each editor of their respective papers, to send a reporter with this note to be admitted to the grand reception of the Japanese Embassy, 25th inst., the same to be countersigned by the editor," etc., etc.

It is rather a pity some one had not "prevented" the Committee "*to write*" this letter, as it will convey to foreigners a singular impression with regard to the working of our common-school system. "Each editor of *their* respective papers" is vague, to say the least; and "*issuing a note to send a reporter*" is perfectly bewildering. The last clause of this Delphic missive is still more puzzling. Was it the Embassy or was it the reporter who was to be "countersigned by the editor?" We have heard of soldiers giving the counter-sign; bank-notes, too, we know, are countersigned by State officials. But who ever heard of countersigning an embassy or a reporter? If common report be true, the counter-signs which are most familiar to Common Councilmen are the signs which hang over counters in liquor stores. Could any allusion to these have been intended?

Altogether, the Japanese ball places us pretty fairly on a par with our Philadelphia and Baltimore neighbors.

Henceforth, for pity's sake, let us have no more entertainments at the cost of the city. Let the Booles entertain people, if they want, at their own expense. But it is time a stop were put to public entertainments at the city's cost which are managed by vulgarians and rogues, for the benefit of gamblers, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, and to the sorrow and shame of all decent people.

OUR COLLEGES.

WE are in the season of College Commencements. Fond mothers and proud fathers are marking the days with a white stone, for their sons are graduating. The boys themselves are realizing a triumph greater than they have ever known in their young experience. Now, for the first time, they are wearing manly laurels, and bearing away with them from college authentic evidence of scholarship and learning.

How many of the graduates of 1860 have learned any thing that will be of use to them hereafter?

Men are such creatures of routine that he would confess himself a green-horn who wondered at the blind obstinacy with which our collegiate institutions cling to old traditions and mouldy examples. Our boys go on, year after year, learning to translate Pindar and Terence, beating their brains to compose alcaics, muddling their poor intellects over metaphysics and prosody—all because boys did the same thing at Oxford and Cambridge in the days of George the Third, and before that. And, after all, perhaps, nothing is more natural. Even in business matters, experience is preferred to theory and reason; much more so in the matter of education, which is generally consigned to dark, shady recesses, carefully secluded from the light of civilization and the torch of progress. Of the heroes of the day some are college graduates; it is respectable to graduate at college. How, then, says Cotton Pork, Esq., can it be pretended that a college education is not the right thing?

Of course, if a boy is to be a lawyer, or a doctor, or an editor, or a merchant, or a broker, or an engineer, it will not avail him much to be able to write alcaics, to be familiar with the Descartes theory of the mind, or to have read Æschylus in the original. It would be of use to him to be familiar with geography and the modern languages, history, and the fixed sciences; it would be agreeable, and could not be hurtful for him, to be versed in the great writers of his own tongue. But as there is not time in the college course for a boy to learn all these things—prosody and German, Descartes and chemistry, Æschylus and the laws of trade—the collegiate law requires that the preference shall be given to those branches of study which young men in England one hundred years ago were taught to consider the elements of polite education.

If you say to Cotton Pork—and every honest college graduate will say so—that the farrago of monastic learning and classic trash which is pumped into boys' heads at college is absolutely worse than useless; that it is of no more benefit to them in real life than the Analecta Majora, and that it occupies a place in their minds which should be filled with sensible knowledge, that worthy citizen and parent will be shocked, and will consider you a monster, a socialist, and an infidel. For he remembers that while he—the son of a poor man—was obliged to be content with a common-school education, his contemporaries of gentler birth went to college, and domineered over him on the strength of it; whereupon he resolved that his sons should go to college, and domineer over their humble acquaintances in like manner. And so our colleges flourish, and turn out, year after year, some as pretty ignorames as even Oxford or Cambridge.

The cleverest man in England has defended the University of Cambridge on the ground that boys are taught to row a good oar there. 'Tis a merit which is shared by Yale and Harvard: give them the benefit of it. But, after all, is life nothing but a boat-race? and should the plastic years of youth be devoted to nothing but erudite nonsense and the art of pulling stroke-oar? When will our teachers of youth take a lesson from Germany and Switzerland, and teach their scholars that which may serve them in after-life, and that only? Who will vindicate outraged common sense by discarding metaphysics and prosody from our colleges? Where is the Professor with nerve enough to denounce Greek?

THE LOUNGER.

THE ORATION.

EIGHTY-FOUR years have passed. It has come again. It has created one nation, and is creating more. It is the only permanent national philosophy. It is written in the Declaration of Independence.

Our great day never dawned more prosperously. The world never so brightly shone with hope as now. The field never so richly waved with harvest as to-day.

If it were possible to see with the eye the total celebration of this anniversary, as the pageant of the Japanese reception was seen; if every where we could see the bright eyes opening, the happy hearts beating, the glad faces smiling; if we could hear the multitudinous peal of bells sweetly jangling over all the continent, the deep bay of cannon between, as of national watch dogs, the loud bursts of music, the louder shouting, and beneath the external symbols of delight and festive tumult we could mark the heart-throbs of hope and faith, how our pride would swell! how our resolution would strengthen! how we should feel the name American to be the title of the highest human purpose! How we should all, following our reverend fathers, pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honors to the cause in which they led the world!

At the end of the month of June, 1776, the head-quarters of General Washington were in the city of New York. The colonial expedition against Canada had failed. The Indians were rising upon the border. The British army from New England, under Lord Howe, with reinforcements from beyond the sea, was daily expected. The city and neighborhood swarmed with Tories, who had formed a plot to seize Washington, and the whole serviceable force of Americans at his disposal was about eight thousand men, scarcely more than paraded the other day to receive the Japanese, with this difference, that the troops of Washington were ill-trained, provided, and officered, while the term of enlistment was constantly expiring. But the leader was serene and energetic, at once the head and the heart of the army; and on the afternoon of the 29th of June, 1776, news was brought to him that forty sail were seen from Staten Island standing in from sea. Joining the ships of Governor Tryon in the lower bay, and reinforced by the foreign supplies, a fleet of one hundred and thirty men of war and transports anchored off the shore and landed the troops, whose tents glittered in the sunset along the green slopes of the island.

On the 2d of July Washington called upon the troops to prepare for a momentous conflict, which was to decide their liberties and fortunes; and on the same day the Congress of the Colonies was discussing what John Adams called "the greatest question ever debated in America, and as great as ever was or ever will be debated among men." It resulted in a unanimous resolution that the united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and on the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, drafted by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted.

That is the simple story. But to ripen and round the single golden grain of harvest how all the forces of the elements have combined! If any American would know the lesson of the day, let him read the history of the war. It is so easy for malice to misinterpret, and meanness to misrepresent, the majestic truth. Half of the politicians succeed by presuming upon popular ignorance. Read, then, the history of your country and of this war—either in the compact work of Hildreth or the more copious pages of Bancroft. But resolve, at any rate, to do it, and to teach it to your children; and although you may not have sent up a single rocket, or fired a solitary cracker, you will not have lost the Fourth of July.

THE PARK INQUISITION.

IT is a pity that so great a public work as the Central Park should be hampered at every step by the most petty impediments. The Legislature ay

pointed a Commission to investigate charges against the management. How much the Commission will cost has yet to appear. But the proceedings thus far have developed only the fact that one of the original Commissioners of the Park attempted to make some bargain, by which he should succeed to the Superintendency upon resigning his post; that he did resign, after, as he supposed, the plan was perfect; that he publicly stated that his only reason for retiring was, that, as every thing was going so smoothly, he thought he could be released from his labors; that when the bargain (as he understood it) was not fulfilled, he was exceedingly angry, and now prefers various charges of extravagance, incompetency, and dishonesty—none of which can fairly be said to be sustained.

This is the net result of the investigation to the present hour. Nothing and nobody have been exposed by it, except the gentleman who prefers the charges, and his motives for doing so. When he has openly stated, during the inquiry, that he wrote a letter containing sentiments which he did not hold—a letter "for the eye of the public, and to hide the real motive of the resignation," why should he suppose that the public will believe him to be any more truthful or earnest now? It is a sorry business. The complainant should have leave to withdraw, and the Commission should dissolve upon the instant. The Central Park will be indeed expensive, in a real sense, if the State is to pay for the charges of individual jealousy and feeling.

That so great and costly a work as the Park should be carefully watched is true. But when a commission of gentlemen, who are unpaid for the service, and who are fit for it, is appointed; when the Architect-in-chief has established his genius and competency beyond debate; and when the visible results are such as may be seen already, certainly no damaging inquisition should be lightly made; and when personal feeling is clearly seen to have prompted it, the matter should end there.

Suppose the work is arrested, or is intrusted to other hands than those which have so wisely conducted it hitherto. Undoubtedly it may be completed cheaply—and wretchedly. But who supposes that the objections to its cost imply any real desire of economy? Solid, enduring, magnificent work in masonry, architecture, and landscape-gardening you can not have cheaply. The best things command the best prices. The question is, whether we will have the Park one of the best things; whether it shall be worthy New York and America; or whether it shall share the apparently inevitable taint of every thing municipal among us, of being poorly done and profusely paid for?

A city which pays twenty thousand dollars for wine at a ball to a foreign embassy will not feel parsimonious about a Park; and if it say it does, will the people believe it?

ROGER WILLIAMS.

WHILE the land rings with the pæan of the Fourth of July it is right to remember the earlier men who helped lay the foundation upon which the goodly structure stands. Among these probably the least understood is Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. He asserted in the Puritan colony of Massachusetts Bay the doctrine that the civil power had no rightful cognizance of religious faith, and Massachusetts tumbled him out, neck and heels, for daring to say it. Old Cotton Mather said he had "a wind-mill in his head;" and the old New England Hubbard declared that he had "a fly-blown imagination!" But neither Mather nor Hubbard can be final authority upon Roger Williams. The Plymouth settlers in the cabin of the *Mayflower* had founded a true commonwealth, and remained for some years an actual democracy, or direct government by the people. But Roger Williams made the first great statement of one of our cardinal Revolutionary principles in saying "Kings and magistrates must be considered invested with no more power than the people betrust them with." He was any thing but a visionary. No statesman has ever more precisely defined the limits of civil and religious liberty than he. Yet he claimed toleration of opinion rather than absolute freedom of thought, and was almost as furious with George Fox as with the Boston Council.

The grave of Williams was lately opened in Providence, and the roots of an apple-tree were found to have struck directly through his dust. His grave is upon the brow of the hill that overhangs the city upon the east. A committee of some sixteen well-known Rhode Islanders has been appointed at a late meeting to procure the erection of a monument to this most illustrious man. Could they do better than engrave upon it the words of Williams in his letter to the town of Providence, in which, under the figure of a ship's company, he sets forth so admirably the true doctrine of men in states?

BLONDIN.

M. BLONDIN, a nimble Frenchman, is walking in sacks, and blindfolded, and rolling wheel-barrows amidst fire-works, and standing on his head, and hanging by his feet, all upon a tight-rope suspended over the chasm below Niagara Falls. There is a very general public conviction that there must be a point when a man can not walk, either upon land or on a tight-rope—as, for instance, when he has both feet tied around his neck. But M. Blondin has not yet reached the point. He is only approaching it. Possibly he will yet cross holding himself in his right hand.

It is the conviction that when he reaches that point he will inevitably tumble into the gulf below and be drowned, which holds many people in the condition of the gentleman who solemnly and persistently traveled from town to town with the menagerie in which the heroic Smith put his head into the lion's mouth. Some day he will snap it off, reasoned the gentleman. It is inevitable, said he; and he packed his trunk, and finally saw it snapped off. So it is only a question of time with many, how soon they will read in the morning paper a telegram from Niagara: "Blondin fell from the rope this afternoon into the river. His body has not yet been recovered."

M. Blondin's philosophy is probably this: "I can walk any rope any where with a perfectly steady head. Walking across the Niagara chasm is illustrious walking. It pays. In the course of the summer I can cross twenty times. I can make at least two hundred dollars every time. Monsieur l'Yankee, can I make money more easily in any other way? I'd rather be a hero, and make my year's money in a few hours, than drudge all the year obscure."

So he airily takes the risk and the walk, and puts up his little pile. It is a pursuit involving danger, but it is perhaps as reputable as a great many safe pursuits on land and for the same purpose. There is no swindle; nothing unfair. Every thing is upon the line. If he falls, his obituary will be: "Poor devil! of course." But if he should make a million of dollars by it, I have no doubt his fortune would have as honest a foundation as a good many others.

HUMMING.

IT is amusing to observe the respect paid to a moral sense which is supposed to be somewhere in the community, although those who appeal to it are not much in the habit of believing in its existence in individuals. It is this respect which leads newspapers which first make a scandal, presently protest against it in the name of a virtuously indignant public. The moral health of the public being the particular care of the newspapers—the newspapers never seeking to pander to an immoral tendency or a depraved taste in the public mind—it is proper that they should hurry to the rescue of the public from imputations which they have cast upon it.

Who, for instance, would ever think of holding the women of America responsible for the absurdities of an occasional sentimental boarding-school Miss? Who would ever imagine that the sending of notes to Mr. Tommy, of the Japanese persuasion, by some enthusiastic, or even designing ladies, implicated any body but those ladies? Who would fancy, for a moment, that the delight of the same Mr. Tommy in the performance of a pretty actress here or there involved public decency? Certainly not the public itself. Public morality doesn't take cold upon such a slight exposure as that.

But while the public morality is thus very well, I thank you, for all little Mr. Tommy's frowns or fancies, the public common sense, which seems to have been left out of the account, knows several things. It knows, for instance, that many reporters and editors believe that the "public" secretly delights in pruriency, and gloats over luscious details. It knows that such reporters and editors use every opportunity and means of gratifying that supposed taste short of offending that Abstract and Severe Public Moral Sense which receives an ample verbal koo-too from all sides. It knows perfectly well that the papers which follow the lead of that taste as skillfully as they can, as the true journalistic method of success, are the loudest and swiftest in their denunciations of the offenses which they print in one column and "pitch into" in another—the offense being not the news, but the method in which the reporter presents the news. That Public Common Sense, also, often sees that the indignation of the alert advocate of virtue is not so much profound sympathy with outraged decency as a sly whack in a purely private battle. If a newspaper has proved itself to be a moral power, the appeal to public morality is effective. But otherwise, it is a good deal like the politician, whose price is well known, alluding to his honesty. Public Common Sense is painfully aware that there is a thing known as *Humbug*.

In a certain year of this present century it befell that the sunny month of June overtook the Lounger in Rome. The festival of the Corpus Christi was celebrated in the famous square of St. Peter's, and he beheld with all the world. The spectacle was splendid: its theatre was fitting: the blue June sky above: the colonnade: the pile of the Vatican and the massive front of St. Peter's around; and midway upon the sides of the square the sparkling fountains playing in the sun. The procession came with chanting priests in gorgeous robes, with banners, music, and clouds of incense; and at last, with flabella borne beside, and robed with magnificence, bareheaded beneath the canopy, and kneeling in sight of the world and for the world, the Pope of Rome passed by. The people fell upon their knees; religious enthusiasm brought the tears to their eyes. "Amico," whispered a friend, "what a lesson of humility for the world, the father of the faithful, the Pontifex Maximus, prostrate upon his knees!" Then the train swept by, the singing priests, the perfume, the Pope upon his knees.

—Only he was not upon his knees. The festival occurs in hot weather. Whew! would you have a Pope actually kneel? So they made a comfortable frame, and by a skillful arrangement of something resembling draped Pontifical legs, the Pope could *sit* at ease and seem to be kneeling.

AT COURT.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to see the Queen;
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what saw you there?
I saw a little mouse under the chair."

THE London *Telegraph* has been trying to ascertain who has the right to be presented to the Queen, or upon what the right rests, as it can hardly rank with one of the self-evident rights of which the Declaration of Independence speaks, but which are not formally acknowledged over the sea. It says:

"In common with hundreds of other English institutions, presentations at Court have hitherto been governed by a mysterious and unwritten law. Palace etiquette is something like *præmunire*, or the license of the bar, or the privileges of the Peers. Nobody knows what it is or what it isn't, how far its powers and attributes extend, or where its limits are actually fixed. There are certain old families whose descendants claim the queerest of privileges in their dealings with royalty. The representatives of one ancient race assert the liberty of entering the royal presence with their hats on. Another patrician family have a right to the first dish from the Queen's table; another to the goblet from which the monarch drinks at a State banquet; and we have heard, although we do not place entire credence in the legend, that the present holder of an old baronetcy, who had fallen, somehow, under the cold shade of the palaceocracy, once threatened to put in action the privilege conferred on his ancestor by Henry V. for his bravery during a war with France—that of coming to Court without any pantaloons on, the founder of the family having, through haste, done valiant service to the crown without those necessary garments at the battle of Agincourt. There is a popular notion also among the subalterns of the army and navy, that every officer in her Majesty's service has a right to go to Court; but it would be productive, we are afraid, of no slight inconvenience if every ensign in a marching regiment, and every lieutenant in a man-of-war, who would get leave from his corps or his ship, were to present himself every levee day at St. James's Palace."

Theoretically "trades-people" are not to be admitted to the august presence. But if a tailor becomes Lord Mayor?—or a shoemaker, deputy lieutenant of a county?—or a baker carries up an address? It is profoundly perplexing, because all these have the right to be presented. Lord Melbourne, it appears, was condemned because he introduced Robert Owen; and no reader of the late news has forgotten that a Scottish lady was immolated by name as having been presented through "inadvertence." This, again, is profoundly perplexing. Because the "inadvertence" was understood to mean that the lady was an "improper character." But is Lord Cardigan, whose entree is unquestioned, a "proper" character? Or is it only female impropriety which can taint the atmosphere of the Drawing-room?

But the climax of perplexity, in the mind of the *Telegraph*, is who shall be introduced from the United States? But there is a very short road to the solution of this difficulty, however it may be with the others.

It is an established comity that all who are admitted to "the presence" at home may properly be introduced at all friendly courts, provided he will conform to the local etiquette. He must not insist upon going in his drawers, or in a black coat, if the local etiquette prescribes something else. If that etiquette is thought to be cumbrous, let him properly apply to have it waved; and if his respectful request is respectfully declined, and he does not care to appear in the costume, or is ordered by his government not to do so, then let him stay away. We have no court; but by this rule every body who can go to a President's levee may claim, upon due local conformity, to be presented to the Queen. To say that he may be a "tradesman" is no objection; for there is no question of receiving the envoy, and he is very likely to have been a tradesman. Benjamin Franklin was a printer, and made a very tolerable embassador to the most exclusive and sumptuous court in Europe.

If the introduction depend upon rank, then all or no Americans must be admitted. If it depend upon taste, it may be permitted to inquire whether there are no guests at the Drawing-room who are fond of gaming, racing, the prize ring, etc.? If it depend upon character, are Lord Cardigan and Company so conspicuously virtuous?

The truth is, that the theory of "a court" did not provide for the case of a republic like ours. And it is foolish to speak of "the error fallen into by Mr. Dallas" in presenting any of his countrymen who were not criminally accused, who were sober, and who conformed to the local etiquette.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE FUTURE OF THE FASHIONS.

THERE was a time when girls wore hoops of steel,
And with gray powder used to drug their hair;
Bedaubed their cheeks with rouge: white-lead, or meal,
Adding, to simulate complexions fair:
Whereof by contrast to enhance the grace,
Specks of court-plaster decked the female face.

That fashion passed away, and then were worn
Dresses whose skirts came scarce below the knee,
With waists girt round the shoulder-blades, and Scorn
Now pointed at the prior finery,
When here and there some antiquated dame
Still wore it, to afford her juniors game.

Short waists departed: Taste a while prevailed;
Till ugly Folly's reign returned once more,
And ladies then again went draggle-tailed;
And now they wear hoops also, as before.
Paint, powder, patches, nasty and absurd,
They'd wear as well, if France but spoke the word.

Young bucks and beauties, ye who now deride
The reasonable dress of other days:
When Time your forms shall have puffed out or dried,
Then on your present portraits youth will gaze,
And say what dowdies, frights, and guys you were,
With their more specious figures to compare.

Think, if you live till you are lean or fat,
Your features blurred, your eyes bedimmed with age,
Your limbs have stiffened; feet grown broad and flat:
You may see other garments all the rage,
Preposterous as even that attire
Which you in full-length mirrors now admire.

CLERK OF THE WEATHER OFFICE.—Notice is hereby given that, in consequence of the Zodiac being taken up for repairs, there will be no Summer or Autumn this year. All contracts made on the understanding that the Seasons would go on as usual, hirings of country-houses, arrangements for tours, promises to marry and the like, are null and void. The Winter quarter begins on the 1st of July, and terminates some time next year. (Signed) PHŒBUS APOLLO.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER REDIVIVUS.—To think of finding the old nursery wardrobe in full wear in Sicily! The Neapolitan Police-torturers in that island have for some time, it seems, been using the "cap of darkness." Garibaldi has now come down upon them with the "sword of sharpness;" and the *sbirri* of Bombalino have found the "shoes of swiftness" to run away with.

A man having bought a sheep's head, had been to a friend for a direction to dress it. As he was returning, repeating the method, and holding the purchase under his arm, a dog snatched it and ran away. "Now, my dear boy," said the man, "what a fool you make of yourself! What use will it be to you, as you don't know how it is to be dressed?"

LEAP YEAR.

Come, let us nerve our bashful hearts,
And quell each timid doubt,
And raise our drooping hopes, and smooth
Our wrinkled features out;
And write thereon in letters plain,
That those may read who run—
"Proposals thankfully received
Till eighteen sixty-one."

A quaint old gentleman, in speaking of the different allotments of men, by which some become useful citizens and others worthless vagrants, by way of illustration remarked, "So one slab of marble becomes a useful door-step, while another becomes a lying tombstone."

A cockney sportsman gave a high figure for a well-bred pointer, but the poor cockney did not know what pointing was. So when the creature made a point, lifting a leg as usual, and standing motionless, our cockney friend declared he had the cramp, and took him up in his arms and carried him home.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was in Sicily, he was studying geology, and the rap and clatter of his hammer among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who accounted him mad. They told their priest of the danger from the maniac, but Davy had seen the priest before them; his reverence quietly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a far-off land, who was practicing a penance! Davy was then regarded by the Catanians as a saint.

After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady M. W. Montagu, he told a friend of his that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for that he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the reply, "that I am not at all afraid of him; for if he sets me down in black and white, as he calls it, most assuredly I will have him set down in black and blue."

The late Mr. Murrell, whose death recently figured in the Dublin papers, had been absent from England more than a quarter of a century. In the early part of his life, when studying for the bar in London, he became acquainted with an actress of exceeding beauty, named Dely, and finding he could not procure her as a mistress, resolved to venture upon her as a wife. They married, but as their dispositions were not exactly similar, they were not superlatively happy. One morning on returning from rehearsal at the Royal Circus, where she was then performing, she addressed her astonished husband thus: "Murrell, I believe you are heartily tired of me, as I am heartily tired of you; so, that if you will settle five hundred a year upon me, I will put you in a way of dissolving our marriage." The proposal was made by the lady only three months after their marriage. The husband eagerly embraced the offer, and gave her his bond for performing his part of the contract; on which she produced a certificate of her previous marriage to a performer at one of the minor theatres, who lived in Lambeth. This point being ascertained, Mr. Murrell refused to pay the annuity, and she found there was a flaw in the drawing up which would put it out of her power to compel him. She therefore told him that unless he entered into a new and legal agreement she would take a step which would still render her marriage with him perfectly valid. He laughed at her, but she performed her promise by bringing a certificate and producing a register, by which it appeared that the performer, previous to his marriage with her, was married to a vocalist, who was then alive. This disconcerted the gentleman, who, however, managed to get quit of her importunities by giving her £3000 in hard cash, on condition of her going to America, where she once more entered the connubial state, and obtained great notoriety as a fine actress.

"I am an unlucky man, gentlemen," exclaimed a poor fellow of our acquaintance; "if I were to take your advice and seize Time by his forelock, I do believe it would just come right out and leave him as bald as a barber's block."

A gentleman well known in a celebrated sporting circle, more for good-humor than straight riding, arrived at home, a short time since, in a plight which would lead to the conclusion that he had something better than "a good thing."

"What sport?" asked a friend.

"Ca-a-pital!" replied our friend, emphatically. "Never had a better run in the whole course of my life! Was thrown into the first ditch, and it took me three hours to catch my horse!"

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:

He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation not uncommon in his class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character.

"What kind of a character can I give you?" says his lordship.

"Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me I shall most thankfully receive."

His lordship accordingly sat down and wrote as follows:

"*The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of a coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.* (Signed) MANSFIELD."

John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterward, when his lordship was going through his lobby, to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognized his late coachman.

"Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place. How could you manage this with the character I gave you?"

"Oh! my lord," said John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I come to return you thanks for it. My new master, on reading it, said he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah,' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat *me*.'"

The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him.

A country doctor being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "prescription" which he thinks will go far toward curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

A writer in the London *Examiner* lately saw a "blind man" looking with much apparent interest at the prints in Colnaghi's window.

"Why, my friend," said we, "it seems you are not blind!"

"No, thank God, your honor," replied the man, "I have my blessed sight as well as another."

"Then why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked we.

"Why? because I hedicate dogs for blind men."

A steamboat passenger, missing his handkerchief, asked an Irishman if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterward finding his pocket companion in his hat, he began to apologize. "Oh! don't be after making any apology; it was a mere mistake, and on both sides, too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a gintleman."

A disappointed candidate for office was speaking of men who would sell their votes, when Mrs. Partington observed, with a sigh, "Ah, they are as base as Æsop of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of potash."

GARIBALDI IN SICILY.

We publish herewith two more illustrations of the events in Sicily. One of them represents the encampment of Garibaldi previous to the attack upon Palermo. It does not resemble the well-provided and regular camps of the French and Austrian armies in Italy, or those of the contending powers in the Crimea; there is a want of order, a want of tents, a want of every thing but ardor and patriotism. It reminds one of Garibaldi's speech to his followers. "If you are ready to march thirty miles a day regularly without stopping, except to fire at the enemy—to sleep any where, often without a meal—to start again before your night's rest is half over, march thirty fresh miles, and to fight bravely without stopping to rest—then follow me, and we shall be victorious."

The other picture will convey some idea of the scenes in the streets of Palermo before and at the entry of Garibaldi. Correspondents tell us that the streets were full of boys and young men, who, crazy with delight at the prospect of liberty, ran about the streets shouting *Viva Garibaldi! Viva Vittore Emmanuele! Viva Italia!* without the least regard to the feelings of the Neapolitan troops, or the least concern for their own safety. Hundreds and thousands of these poor creatures were slaughtered in the bombardment; but the day of reckoning is now not very far distant.

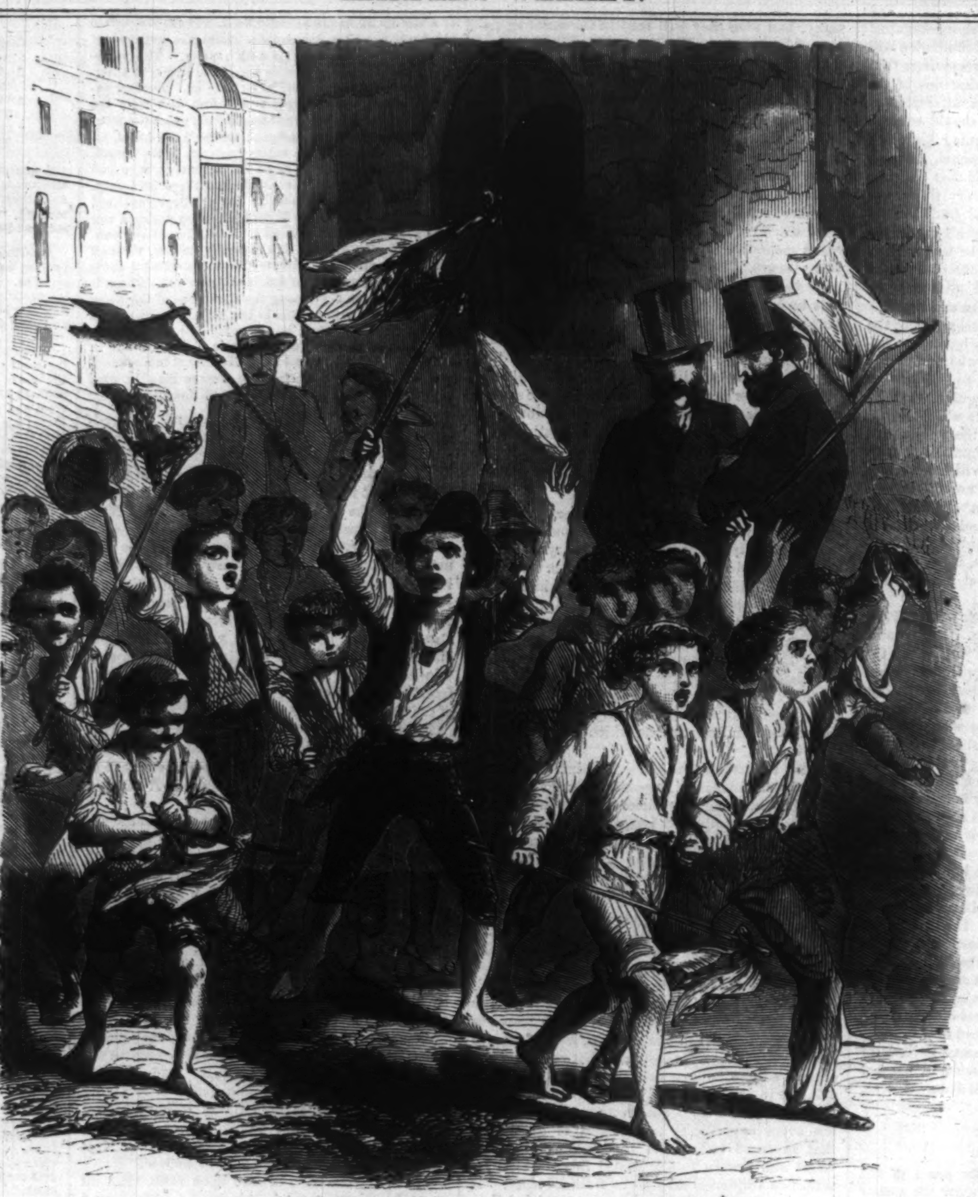
The correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the excitement prevailing at Palermo:

"Any one in search of violent emotions can not do better than set off at once for Palermo. However *blasé* he may be, or however milk-and-water his blood, I promise it will be stirred up. He will be carried away by the tide of popular feeling, or else the impetuosity and variation of this torrent will produce in him a reaction such as he rarely felt.

"The popular proverb has it that no day resembles its predecessor; here almost every hour changes the state of affairs, and with the state of affairs the feelings of 200,000 people change from one extreme to another almost without the slightest transition. One moment all is triumph and hope, and the next all is terror and dejection. One instant the town resounds with cheers, the next you see numbers prostrated before the shrines of Madonnas and saints which are to be found in almost every corner. Now and then, between the two fits, there is a short lull—a kind of exhaustion—which is soon followed by another attack of hope or fear.

* * * * *

"In the afternoon Garibaldi made a tour of inspection round the town. I was there, but find it really impossible to give you even a faint idea of the manner in which he was received every where. It was one of those triumphs which seem to be almost too much for a man. The most wonderful thing I ever saw in this way was the reception of Napoleon and Victor Emanuel at Milan, just about a year ago; and I am almost inclined to think that the one yesterday was more extraordinary. The entry of the Sovereigns was something more formal, which prevented the full expression of popular enthusiasm. They were on horseback, and surrounded by their guards; while the popular idol, Garibaldi, in his red flannel shirt, with a loose colored handkerchief round his neck, and his worn wide-awake, was walking on foot among those cheering, laughing, crying, mad thousands: and all his few followers could do was to prevent him from being bodily carried off the ground. The people threw themselves forward to kiss his hands, or, at least, to touch the hem of his garment, as if it contained the panacea for all their past and perhaps coming sufferings. Children were brought up, and mothers asked on their knees for his blessing; and all this while the object of this idolatry was as calm and smiling as when in the deadliest fire, taking up the children and kissing them, trying to quiet the crowd, stopping at every moment to hear a long complaint of houses burned and property sacked by the retreating soldiers, giving good advice, comforting, and promising that all damages should be paid for."



THE BOYS OF PALERMO WELCOMING GARIBALDI.

Of the horrors of the bombardment the same writer says:

"One might write volumes of horrors on the Vandalism already committed, for every one of the hundred ruins has its sad story of brutality and inhumanity.

* * * * *

"All about the neighborhood of the Albergeria the air is charged with the exhalations of the corpses imperfectly covered by the ruins, and with that greasy smell occasioned by the burning of an animal body. If you can stand the exhalation, try and go inside the ruins, for it is only there that you will see what the thing means. You will not have to search long before you stumble over the charred remains of a human body—a leg sticking out here, an arm there, a black face staring at you a little farther on."

GARIBALDI'S CAMP NEAR PALERMO, IN SICILY.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

WALTER HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VIII.

Before I had reached the turning which led out of the square, my attention was aroused by the sound of a closing door in the row of houses behind me. I looked round and saw an undersized man in black on the door-step of the house, which, as well as I could judge, stood next to Mrs. Catherick's place of abode, on the side nearest to me. The man advanced rapidly toward the turning at which I had stopped. I recognized him as the lawyer's clerk who had preceded me in my visit to Blackwater Park, and who had tried to pick a quarrel with me when I asked him if I could see the house.

I waited where I was to ascertain whether his object was to come to close quarters and speak on this occasion. To my surprise, he passed on rapidly without saying a word, without even looking up in my face as he went by. This was such a complete inversion of the course of proceeding which I had every reason to expect on his part, that my curiosity, or rather my suspicion, was aroused, and I determined, on my side, to keep him cautiously in view, and to discover what the business might be on which he was now employed. Without caring whether he saw me or not, I walked after him. He never once looked back, and he led me straight through the streets to the railway station.

The train was on the point of starting, and two or three passengers who were late were clustering round the small opening through which the tickets were issued. I joined them, and distinctly heard the lawyer's clerk demand a ticket for the Blackwater station. I satisfied myself that he had actually left by the train before I came away.

There was only one interpretation that I could place on what I had just seen and heard. I had unquestionably observed the man leaving a house which closely adjoined Mrs. Catherick's residence. He had been probably placed there, by Sir Percival's directions, as a lodger, in anticipation of my inquiries leading me, sooner or later, to communicate with Mrs. Catherick. He had, doubtless, seen me go in and come out; and he had hurried away by the first train to make his report at Blackwater Park—to which place Sir Percival would naturally betake himself (knowing what he evidently knew of my movements), in order to be ready on the spot if I returned to Hampshire. I saw this clearly; and I felt for the first time that the apprehensions which Marian had expressed to me at parting might be realized. Before many days were over there seemed every likelihood now that Sir Percival and I might meet.

Whatever result events might be destined to produce, I resolved to pursue my own course straight to the end in view, without stopping or turning aside for Sir Percival or for any one. The great responsibility which weighed on me heavily in London—the responsibility of so guiding my slightest actions as to prevent them from leading accidentally to the discovery of Laura's place of refuge—was removed, now that I was in Hampshire. I could go and come as I pleased at Welmingham; and if I chanced to fail in observing any necessary precautions, the immediate results, at least, would affect no one but myself.

When I left the station the winter evening was beginning to close in. There was little hope of continuing my inquiries after dark to any useful purpose in a neighborhood that was strange to me. Accordingly, I made my way to the nearest hotel and ordered my dinner and my bed. This done, I wrote to Marian, to tell her that I was safe and well, and that I had fair prospects of success. I had directed her, on leaving home, to address the first letter she wrote to me (the letter I expected to receive the next morning) to "The Post-office, Welmingham;" and I now begged her to send her second day's letter to the same address. I could easily receive it by writing to the postmaster if I happened to be away from the town when it arrived.

The coffee-room of the hotel, as it grew late in the evening, became a perfect solitude. I was left to reflect on what I had accomplished that afternoon as uninterruptedly as if the house had been my own. Before I retired to rest I had attentively thought over my extraordinary interview with Mrs. Catherick, from beginning to end; and had verified, at my leisure, the conclusions which I had hastily drawn in the earlier part of the day.

The vestry of Old Welmingham church was the starting-point from which my mind slowly worked its way back through all that I had heard Mrs. Catherick say, and through all that I had seen Mrs. Catherick do. At the time when the neighborhood of the vestry was first referred to in my presence by Mrs. Clements, I had thought it the strangest and most unaccountable of all places for Sir Percival to select for a clandestine meeting with the clerk's wife. Influenced by this impression, and by no other, I had mentioned "the vestry of the church," before Mrs. Catherick, on pure speculation—it represented one of the minor peculiarities of the story, which occurred to me while I was speaking. I was prepared for her answering me confusedly or angrily, but the blank terror that seized her when I said the words took me completely by surprise. I had long before associated Sir Percival's Secret with the concealment of a serious crime, which Mrs. Catherick knew of—but I had gone no farther than this. Now, the woman's paroxysm of terror associated the crime, either directly or indirectly, with the vestry, and convinced me that she had been more than the mere witness of it—she was also the accomplice, beyond a doubt.

What had been the nature of the crime? Surely there was a contemptible side to it as well as a dangerous side—or Mrs. Catherick would not have repeated my own words, referring to Sir Percival's rank and power, with such marked disdain as she had certainly displayed. It was a contemptible crime, then, and a dangerous crime; and she had shared in it, and it was associated with the vestry of the church.

The next consideration to be disposed of led me a step farther from this point.

Mrs. Catherick's undisguised contempt for Sir Percival plainly extended to his mother as well. She had referred, with the bitterest sarcasm, to the great family he had descended from—"especially by the mother's side." What did this mean? There appeared to be only two explanations of it. Either his mother's birth had been low, or his mother's reputation was damaged by some hidden flaw with which Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival were both privately acquainted? I could only put the first explanation to the test by looking at the register of her marriage, and so ascertaining her maiden name and her parentage, as a preliminary to further inquiries. On the other hand, if the second case supposed were the true one, what had been the flaw in her reputation? Remembering the account which Marian had given me of Sir Percival's father and mother, and of the suspiciously unsocial, secluded life they had both led, I now asked myself whether it might not be possible that his mother had never been married at all. Here again the register might, by offering written evidence of the marriage, prove to me, at any rate, that this doubt had no foundation in truth. But where was the register to be found? At this point I took up the conclusions which I had previously formed; and the same mental process which had discovered the locality of the concealed crime now lodged the register also in the vestry of Old Welmingham church.

These were the results of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—these were the various considerations, all steadily converging to one point, which decided the course of my proceedings on the next day.

The morning was cloudy and lowering, but no rain fell. I left my bag at the hotel, to wait there till I called for it; and after inquiring the way, set forth on foot for Old Welmingham church.

It was a walk of rather more than two miles, the ground rising slowly all the way. On the highest point stood the church—an ancient, weather-beaten building, with heavy buttresses at its sides, and a clumsy square tower in front. The vestry, at the back, was built out from the church, and seemed to be of the same age.—Round the building, at intervals, appeared the remains of the village which Mrs. Clements had described to me as her husband's place of abode in former years, and which the principal inhabitants had long since deserted for the new town. Some of the empty houses had been dismantled to their outer walls; some had been left to decay with time; and some were still inhabited by persons evidently of the poorest class. It was a dreary scene; and yet, in the worst aspect of its ruin, not so dreary as the modern town that I had just left. Here there was the brown, breezy sweep of surrounding fields for the eye to repose on; here the trees, leafless as they were, still varied the monotony of the prospect, and helped the mind to look forward to summer time and shade.

As I moved away from the back of the church and passed some of the dismantled cottages in search of a person who might direct me to the clerk, I saw two men saunter out after me, from behind a wall. The tallest of the two—a stout muscular man, in the dress of a gamekeeper—was a stranger to me. The other was one of the men who had followed me in London on the day when I left Mr. Kyrle's office. I had taken particular notice of him at the time, and I felt sure that I was not mistaken in identifying the fellow on this occasion. Neither he nor his companion attempted to speak to me, and both kept themselves at a respectful distance; but the motive of their presence in the neighborhood of the church was plainly apparent. It was exactly as I had supposed—Sir Percival was already prepared for me. My visit to Mrs. Catherick had been reported to him the evening before, and those two men at my heels had been placed on the look-out near the church in anticipation of my appearance at Old Welmingham. If I had wanted any further proof that my investigations had taken the right direction at last, the plan now adopted for watching me would have supplied it.

I walked on, away from the church, till I reached one of the inhabited houses, with a patch of kitchen garden attached to it, on which a laborer was at work. He directed me to the clerk's abode—a cottage at some little distance off, standing by itself on the outskirts of the forsaken village. The clerk was in-doors, and was just putting on his great-coat. He was a cheerful, familiar, loudly-talkative old man, with a very poor opinion (as I soon discovered) of the place in which he lived, and a happy sense of superiority to his neighbors in virtue of the great personal distinction of having once been in London.

"It's well you came so early, Sir," said the old man, when I had mentioned the object of my visit. "I should have been away in ten minutes more. Parish business, Sir, and a goodish long trot before it's all done, for a man at my age. But, bless you, I'm strong on my legs still! As long as a man don't give at his legs, there's a deal of work left in him. Don't you think so yourself, Sir?"

He took his keys down while he was talking from a hook behind the fire-place, and locked his cottage door behind us.

"Nobody at home to keep house for me," said the clerk, with a cheerful sense of perfect freedom from all family encumbrances. "My wife's in the church-yard there; and my children are all married. A wretched place this, isn't it, Sir? But the parish is a large one—every man couldn't get through the business as I do. It's learning does it; and I've had my share, and a little more. I can talk the Queen's English (God bless the Queen!)—and that's more than most of the people about here can do. You're from London, I suppose, Sir? I've been in London a matter of five-and-twenty years ago. What's the news there now, if you please?"

Chattering on in this way he led me back to the vestry. I looked about to see if the two spies were still in sight. They were not visible any where. After having discovered my application to the clerk they had probably concealed themselves where they could watch my next proceedings in perfect freedom.

The vestry door was of stout old oak, studded with nails; and the clerk put his heavy key in the lock with the air of a man who knew that he had a difficulty to encounter, and who was not quite certain of creditably conquering it.

"I'm obliged to bring you this way, Sir," he said, "because the door from the vestry to the church is bolted on the vestry side. We might have got in through the church otherwise. This is a perverse lock, if ever there was one yet. It's big enough for a prison door; it's been hampered over and over again; and it ought to be changed for a new one. I've mentioned that to the churchwarden fifty times over at least: he's always saying 'I'll see about it'—and he never does see. Ah, it's a sort of lost corner, this place. Not like London—is it, Sir? Bless you, we are all asleep here! *We* don't march with the times."

After some twisting and turning of the key the heavy lock yielded, and he opened the door.

The vestry was larger than I should have supposed it to be, judging from the outside only. It was a dim, mouldy, melancholy old room, with a low, raftered ceiling.—Round two sides of it, the sides nearest to the interior of the church, ran heavy wooden presses, worm-eaten and gaping with age. Hooked to the inner corner of one of these presses hung several surplices, all bulging out at their lower ends in an irreverent-looking bundle of limp drapery, and wanting nothing but legs under them to suggest the idea of a cluster of neglected curates who had committed suicide by companionably hanging themselves all together. Below the surplices, on the floor, stood three packing-cases, with the lids half off, half on, and the straw profusely bursting out of their cracks and crevices in every direction. Behind them, in a corner, was a litter of dusty papers; some large and rolled up like architects' plans; some loosely strung together on files, like bills or letters. The room had once been lighted by a small side window; but this had been bricked up, and a lantern skylight was now substituted for it. The atmosphere of the place was heavy and mouldy; being rendered additionally oppressive by the closing of the door which led into the church. This door also was composed of solid oak, and was bolted at top and bottom on the vestry side.

"We might be tidier, mightn't we, Sir?" said the cheerful clerk. "But when you're in a lost corner of a place like this, what are you to do? Why, look here now—just look at these packing-cases. There they've been for a year or more ready to go to London—there they are, littering the place, and there they'll stop as long as the nails hold them together. I'll tell you what, Sir, as I said before, this is not London. We are all asleep here. Bless you, *we* don't march with the times!"

"What is there in the packing-cases?" I asked.

"Bits of old wood carvings from the pulpit, and panels from the chancel, and images from the organ-loft," said the clerk. "Portraits of the twelve apostles in wood—and not a whole nose among 'em. All broken, and worm-eaten, and crumbling to dust at the edges—as brittle as crockery, Sir, and as old as the church, if not older."

"And why were they going to London? To be repaired?"

"That's it, Sir. To be repaired; and where they were past repair, to be copied in sound wood. But, bless you, the money fell short—and there they are, waiting for new subscriptions, and nobody to subscribe. It was all done a year ago, Sir. Six gentlemen dined together about it at the hotel in the new town. They made speeches, and passed resolutions, and put their names down, and printed off thousands of prospectuses. Beautiful prospectuses, Sir, all flourished over with Gothic devices in red ink, saying it was a disgrace not to restore the church and repair the famous carvings, and so on. There are the prospectuses that couldn't be distributed, and the architect's plans and estimates, and the whole correspondence which set every body at loggerheads and ended in a dispute, all down together in that corner behind the packing-cases. The money dribbled in a little at first—but what *can* you expect out of London? There was just enough, you know, to pack the broken carvings, and get the estimates, and pay the printer's bill, and after that there wasn't a halfpenny left. There the things are, as I said before. We have nowhere else to put them—nobody in the new town cares about accommodating *us*—we're in a lost corner—and this is an untidy vestry—and who's to help it?—that's what I want to know."

My anxiety to examine the register did not dispose me to offer much encouragement to the old man's talkativeness. I agreed with him that nobody could help the untidiness of the vestry—and then suggested that we should proceed to our business without more delay.

"Ay, ay, the marriage register, to be sure," said the clerk, taking a little bunch of keys from his pocket. "How far do you want to look back, Sir?"

Marian had informed me of Sir Percival's age at the time when we had spoken together of his marriage engagement with Laura. She had then described him as being forty-five years old. Calculating back from this, and making due allowance for the year that had passed since I had gained my information, I found that he must have been born in eighteen hundred and four, and that I might safely start on my search through the register from that date.

"I want to begin with the year eighteen hundred and four," I said.

"WHICH YEAR DID YOU SAY, SIR?"

"Which way after that, Sir?" asked the clerk. "Forward to our time, or backward away from us?"

"Backward from eighteen hundred and four."

He opened the door of one of the presses—the press from the side of which the surplices were hanging—and produced a large volume bound in greasy brown leather. I was struck by the insecurity of the place in which the register was kept. The door of the press was warped and cracked with age, and the lock was of the smallest and commonest kind. I could have forced it easily with the walking-stick I carried in my hand.

"Is that considered a sufficiently secure place for the register?" I inquired. "Surely a book of such importance as this ought to be protected by a better lock, and kept carefully in an iron safe?"

"Well, now, that's curious!" said the clerk, shutting up the book again just after he had opened it, and smacking his hand cheerfully on the cover. "Those were the very words my old master was always saying, years and years ago, when I was a lad. 'Why isn't the register' (meaning this register here under my hand)—'why isn't it kept in an iron safe?' If I've heard him say that once, I've heard him say it a hundred times. He was the solicitor, in those days, Sir, who had the appointment of vestry clerk to this church. A fine hearty old gentleman, and the most particular man breathing. As long as he lived he kept a copy of this book in his office at Knowlesbury, and had it posted up regular, from time to time, to correspond with the fresh entries here. You would hardly think it, but he had his own appointed days, once or twice in every quarter, for riding over to this church on his old white pony to check the copy, by the register, with his own eyes and hands. 'How do I know' (he used to say)—'how do I know that the register in this vestry may not be stolen or destroyed? Why isn't it kept in an iron safe? Why can't I make other people as careful as I am myself? Some of these days there will be an accident happen—and when the register's lost, then the parish will find out the value of my copy.' He used to take his pinch of snuff after that, and look about him as bold as a lord. Ah! the like of him for doing business isn't easy to find now. You may go to London, and not match him even *there*. Which year did you say, Sir? Eighteen hundred and what?"

"Eighteen hundred and four," I replied; mentally resolving to give the old man no more opportunities of talking until my examination of the register was over.

The clerk put on his spectacles and turned over the leaves of the register, carefully wetting his finger and thumb at every third page. "There it is, Sir," he said, with another cheerful smack on the open volume. "There's the year you want."

As I was ignorant of the month in which Sir Percival was born, I began my backward search with the early part of the year. The register-book was of the old-fashioned kind; the entries being all made on blank pages, in manuscript, and the divisions which separated them being indicated by ink lines drawn across the page at the close of each entry.

I reached the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and four without encountering the marriage; and then traveled back through December, eighteen hundred and three; through November and October; through——No! not through September also. Under the heading of that month in the year I found the marriage!

I looked carefully at the entry. It was at the bottom of a page, and was, for want of room, compressed into a smaller space than that occupied by the marriages above. The marriage immediately before it was impressed on my attention by the circumstance of the bridegroom's Christian name being the same as my own. The entry immediately following it (on the top of the next page) was noticeable, in another way, from the large space it occupied; the record, in this case, registering the marriages of two brothers at the same time. The register of the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde was in no respect remarkable, except for the narrowness of the space into which it was compressed at the bottom of the page. The information about his wife was the usual information given in such cases. She was described as "Cecilia Jane Elster, of Park-View Cottages, Knowlesbury; only daughter of the late Patrick Elster, Esq., formerly of Bath."

I noted down these particulars in my pocket-book, feeling, as I did so, both doubtful and disheartened about my next proceedings. The Secret, which I had believed, until this moment, to be within my grasp, seemed now farther from my reach than ever. What suggestions of any mystery unexplained had arisen out of my visit to the vestry? I saw no suggestions any where. What progress had I made toward discovering the suspected stain on the reputation of Sir Percival's mother? The one fact I had ascertained vindicated her reputation. Fresh doubts, fresh difficulties, fresh delays, began to open before me in interminable prospect. What was I to do next? The one immediate resource left to me appeared to be this: I might institute inquiries about "Miss Elster, of Knowlesbury," on the chance of advancing toward the main object of my investigation, by first discovering the secret of Mrs. Catherick's contempt for Sir Percival's mother.

"Have you found what you wanted, Sir?" said the clerk, as I closed the register-book.

"Yes," I replied; "but I have some inquiries still to make. I suppose the clergyman who officiated here in the year eighteen hundred and three is no longer alive?"

"No, no, Sir; he was dead three or four years before I came here—and that was as long ago as the year twenty-seven. I got this place, Sir," persisted my talkative old friend, "through the clerk before me leaving it. They say he was driven out of house and home by his wife—and she's living still, down in the new town there. I don't know the rights of the story myself; all I know is, I got the place. Mr. Wansborough got it for me—the son of my old master that I was telling you of. He's a free, pleasant gentleman as ever lived; rides to the hounds, keeps his pointers, and all that. He's vestry-clerk here now, as his father was before him."

"Did you not tell me your former master lived at Knowlesbury?" I asked, calling to mind the long story about the precise gentleman of the old school with which my talkative friend had wearied me before he opened the register-book.

"Yes, to be sure, Sir," replied the clerk. "Old Mr. Wansborough lived at Knowlesbury; and young Mr. Wansborough lives there too."

"You said just now he was vestry-clerk, like his father before him. I am not quite sure that I know what a vestry-clerk is."

"Don't you indeed, Sir?—and you come from London, too! Every parish church, you know, has a vestry-clerk and a parish-clerk. The parish-clerk is a man like me (except that I've got a deal more learning than most of them—though I don't boast of it). The vestry-clerk is a sort of an appointment that the lawyers get; and if there's any business to be done for the vestry, why there they are to do it. It's just the same in London. Every parish church there has got its vestry-clerk—and, you may take my word for it, he's sure to be a lawyer."

"Then young Mr. Wansborough is a lawyer, I suppose?"

"Of course he is, Sir! A lawyer in High Street, Knowlesbury—the old offices that his father had before him. The number of times I've swept those offices out, and seen the old gentleman come trotting in to business on his white pony, looking right and left all down the street, and nodding to every body! Bless you, he was a popular character!—he'd have done in London!"

"How far is it to Knowlesbury from this place?"

"A long stretch, Sir," said the clerk, with that exaggerated idea of distances and that vivid perception of difficulties in getting from place to place which is peculiar to all country-people. "Nigh on five mile, I can tell you!"

It was still early in the forenoon. There was plenty of time for a walk to Knowlesbury and back again to Welmingham; and there was no person probably in the town who was fitter to assist my inquiries about the character and position of Sir Percival's mother, before her marriage, than the local solicitor. Resolving to go at once to Knowlesbury on foot, I led the way out of the vestry.

"Thank you kindly, Sir," said the clerk, as I slipped my little present into his hand. "Are you really going to walk all the way to Knowlesbury and back? Well! you're strong on your legs, too—and what a blessing that is, isn't it? There's the road; you can't miss it. I wish I was going your way—it's pleasant to meet with gentlemen from London in a lost corner like this! One hears the news. Wish you good-morning, Sir! and thank you kindly, once more."

We parted. As I left the church behind me I looked back, and there were the two men again, on the road below, with a third in their company; that third person being the short man in black whom I had traced to the railway the evening before.

The three stood talking together for a little while—then separated. The man in black went away by himself toward Welmingham; the other two remained together, evidently waiting to follow me as soon as I walked on.

I proceeded on my way, without letting the fellows see that I took any special notice of them. They caused me no conscious irritation of feeling at that moment; on the contrary, they rather revived my sinking hopes. In the surprise of discovering the evidence of the marriage I had forgotten the inference I had drawn on first perceiving the men in the neighborhood of the vestry. Their reappearance reminded me that Sir Percival had anticipated my visit to Old Welmingham church, as the next result of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—otherwise he would never have placed his spies there to wait for me. Smoothly and fairly as appearances looked in the vestry, there was something wrong beneath them—there was something in the register-book, for aught I knew, that I had not discovered yet.

"I shall come back," I thought to myself, as I turned for a farewell look at the tower of the old church. "I shall trouble the cheerful clerk a second time to conquer the perverse lock, and to open the vestry door."

THE RACER "NICHOLAS."

We publish on page 428, from a drawing by Mr. T. C. Carpendale, a portrait of the famous race-horse "Nicholas," who won the 4-mile race on Friday. Nicholas has been so long before the public, and has won so many races, that he is well known to all lovers of sport. He is a noble animal, and though, in the language of the turf, he classes as "aged," will probably win many a race yet. Having been beaten by Throgneck, a week previous, in the 2½-mile dash, the odds were rather against him before the 4-mile race began; but he vindicated his ancient fame. The following account of the race we take from the daily press:

Four-mile post stake.

John Hunter entered ch. h. Nicholas I..........	2	1	1
T. Morris entered gr. h. Throgneck..............	1	2	2

Time, 8.15—7.54½—8.07.

First Heat.—Throgneck was the favorite at $100 to $75, odds which were eagerly taken by the admirers of the once great four-miler, Nicholas, for they remembered his glorious victories in previous years over this track. Nicholas had the inside, and allowed Throgneck to take the lead. The latter made the running all the way round, and passed the stand on the first mile in 2.05. The second mile was done in 2.05, and the third in 2.03, the horses still in the same position. In going along the far side the last time round, Nicholas improved his position, and got to the favorite's girths. In coming up the straight run in, Throgneck shook Nicholas off, and the latter swerving across the course, the gray won the heat by half a dozen lengths. Time, 8.05.

Second Heat.—Very long odds were offered against Nicholas, and some offers of $100 to $10 on the gray horse were snapped up eagerly. Throgneck again took the lead, and on the first mile led by a length; time, 1.59. The second mile was done in 1.58, the gray still leading. On the far side Nicholas went up, but could not quite reach him, and on passing the stand on the third mile laid close at his quarters; time, 1.58. In this position they ran to the Mansion House, when Nicholas made his effort, and passing his opponent, increased his lead at every stride, and won the heat by six lengths, in 7.54½.

Third Heat.—The last heat caused another change in the betting market, and Nicholas was backed to win at $100 to $80. It was observed that he had cut his fetlock, and walked rather lame; but this did not alarm the confidence of his friends. They got off well for the deciding heat, the gray going on with the lead, and taking the inside on passing the quarter pole. The first mile was done in 2.01, and the second in 2.0. On the third mile Nicholas laid at Throgneck's quarters to the Mansion House, when he collared and passed him, leading two clear lengths on the third mile when passing the judges' stand, in 6.0. The chance of the gray horse was now evidently extinguished, as Nicholas went on with the lead, and won the heat and race by twenty lengths, in 8.07.

Nicholas is by "Glencoe," out of "Nanny Rhodes," by Wagoner, and is at the present moment perhaps the best four-mile horse in the country.

MR. THORPE'S "NIAGARA."

On Wednesday evening, June 20, Col. Thorpe's picture of "Niagara Falls" [of which we give an engraving on page 428] was fitted up in the lower dining-hall of the Metropolitan Hotel, the Japanese Embassy having expressed a desire to witness it. Our readers should perhaps be informed that, with the invitation to view the picture, Mr. Warren Leland sent a number of little books descriptive of the Falls, and illustrated by numerous engravings. To Tommy especially was intrusted the distribution of these gifts.

The painting was lit up at eight o'clock, and after it was announced that it was ready for exhibition the distinguished visitors commenced dropping in. First came eight or ten of the subordinates, who examined the picture a while, made their comments, and then departed, to be succeeded by other groups. Finally, Mr. Warren Leland came in with the "two Governors," the imperial interpreter, and two or three superior officers. The imperial interpreter, Namoura Gohajsiro, who was third interpreter at the time Commodore Perry was at Japan, commenced asking questions regarding the Falls; and, speaking English fluently, he soon became acquainted with their peculiarities and magnitude.

We should perhaps have remarked that the Dutch language is only used as a medium of conversation between the embassadors and their American friends in diplomatic or official matters. After the Governors and chief men had satisfied their curiosity they retired; and the three Princes—the first, second, and third embassadors—were ushered in, and quietly took seats appropriated for their use, and favorable for a sight of the picture. Upon the appearance of these distinguished personages the Japanese present quietly fell back, the imperial interpreter taking his place at the right side, and in the rear of the first Prince. Namoura Gohajsiro then proceeded to describe the picture in detail, and was listened to with the most quiet interest. The first Prince then desired an introduction to the artist, and desired from him a description of the details. The Prince inquired about the height of the Falls, the size of the *Maid of the Mist*, the quantity of water that came over them, *if the water ran all the year round*, the height of the bluffs, and the depth of the water below the Falls. This latter query was several times repeated. He then asked if the ship they were to go home in was named after the Falls. Finally, the Prince desired to know if the picture was for sale? Upon being informed it was not, he asked if a copy could be made; which was answered in the affirmative. He then expressed a desire for a copy exactly like the one before him, which he said he wished to take, "as a great curiosity," to Japan. After some further conversation between the officials regarding the picture the three Princes rose, made a more critical examination through their opera-glasses, pointed out particular parts, and, smiling their satisfaction, they quietly left the room, the Japanese attendants quietly retiring out of the way. We understand that the copy of the picture will be completed at the leisure of the artist, and forwarded to Japan, care of our Consul-General, Townsend Harris.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AND HER CAPTAIN.

We publish on pages 424 and 425 a splendid engraving of the steamship *Great Eastern* entering the Bay of New York, on the afternoon of June 28. The great ship itself has been so fully illustrated in the pages of the *Weekly* that we need do no more at present than refer the public to our back numbers for pictures.

We may repeat here, briefly, that the *Great Eastern* is the largest ship in the world, being 25,000 tons burden, and 680 feet long. She is a side-wheel steamer, with two oscillating engines of 1000 nominal horse-power, and four 74-inch cylinders; a screw steamer, with two engines of 1600 nominal horse-power, and four 84-inch cylinders; and a ship with six masts, spreading 6500 square yards of canvas. She is built wholly of iron. Ten thousand tons of iron, in 30,000 plates and 300,000 rivets, were employed in the construction of her hull. Her masts (with the exception of the mizen, or sixth mast) are also of iron, and their rigging of iron wire. She can carry 10,000 soldiers, or 4000 passengers. Her crew is 400 men.

Her new commander is Captain John Vine Hall, whose portrait we publish on page 429.

Most of Captain Hall's life has been spent in the service of the East India and General Screw Steamship Company; he commanded successively their ships the *Crœsus* and the *Golden Fleece*. His conduct in connection with the former, a ship of 2700 tons, which, upon arrival at Sydney, was found to be frightfully leaky, many of the plates having started, gained him the approbation and friendship of the late Mr. Brunel. There was no dock into which he could put his ship, and with great perseverance he succeeded in forming a basin, by driving two rows of piles around the vessel, filling up the space between, then pumping the water out, and by this means he was enabled to repair and bring home the ship with a most valuable cargo. When the *Crœsus*, with troops and stores for the Crimea, was destroyed by fire off Genoa, his conduct received the highest approbation from the Admiralty. As captain of the *Golden Fleece*, with troops for India, he made the quickest voyage on record between England and Calcutta.

Of late years Captain Hall has been superintendent of the Company's affairs, first at Southampton and afterward at London. He is a man of great learning and science; a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; and the first officer in the merchant service who took a first-class certificate in the steam examination under the "Mercantile Marine Act." Captain Hall is a brother of the Rev. Newman Hall, one of the celebrities of London, whose church on Blackfriar's Road, formerly belonging to the late Rev. Rowland Hill, is crowded to suffocation every Sunday.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, June 25, in the Senate, Senator Sumner presented a petition of citizens of Massachusetts, praying for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia, and the prohibition of the inter-State Slave-trade. At his request it was laid on the table. The Post-route Bill was then taken up, and, after considerable debate and the adoption of various amendments, it was passed and sent to the House. The House bill to amend the Consular act was reported from the Committee on Commerce, but laid over. Various other measures were proposed, but they were laid over. A message was received from the House notifying the Senate that they receded from their amendments to the Post-office Deficiency Bill—therefore it stands passed. The customary committee was appointed to act in conjunction with one from the House, to notify the President that Congress was ready to adjourn; and after a vote of thanks to the presiding officer, and a short Executive session, the Senate was declared adjourned.——In the House, another protest was received from the President against the proceedings of the Covode Investigating Committee, in which he characterized the action of the House as violative of the rights of a co-ordinate branch of the Government, and asserts that, should the proceedings of the Committee be sanctioned, the Constitution will have been violated. The message was referred to a select committee, and its consideration was postponed until the next session. The House refused to agree to the Senate's amendments to the Post-route Bill, and it was consequently lost. After some other unimportant business, and the usual preliminary ceremonies, the House adjourned *sine die*.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

At noon on 26th the Senate met in extraordinary session in compliance with a proclamation from the President. A large number of appointments were sent in, and the treaties with Honduras, Nicaragua, Belivia, and Venezuela were ratified.

On 27th the treaty with Spain was rejected, and the Mexican treaty was postponed till December next. Mr. W. F. Russell was confirmed as Navy Agent at New York, and Colonel Wright as Superintendent of the Springfield Armory.

On 28th Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph E. Johnston was confirmed as Quarter-master-General of the Army, and Mr. Churchill as Minister to Guatemala. The Senate then adjourned *sine die*.

HOW THE SPANISH TREATY WAS REJECTED.

A motion was made in the executive session of the Senate to strike from the treaty between the United States and Spain, for the settlement of claims, the clause to pay for the Amistad negroes. The motion to strike it out, it is understood, was made by Mr. Sumner, but disagreed to; and on the question of ratification twenty-four voted in the affirmative and eighteen in the negative—not the requisite two-thirds.

SENATOR FITZPATRICK DECLINES.

A special dispatch to the Philadelphia *Press*, dated Washington, June 25, says: "Senator Douglas was waited on to-day by a Committee, which officially informed him of his nomination. He notified them that his letter of acceptance would be prepared in a day or two. They then called on Senator Fitzpatrick. In reply to a question whether he would accept or not, he replied that he asked until to-morrow to consider. The Committee said they wanted an immediate answer, on account of the rumors that he intended to decline. He replied that, if he must answer now, he would be forced to decline. They at once accepted his declination. The Southern delegates to the Baltimore National Convention present in the city immediately met together, and recommended the name of Governor Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia, to the National Committee, which is also here, and which was empowered by the Convention to fill any vacancies. This recommendation was adopted by a number of delegates, who, at a meeting this evening, unanimously nominated Governor Johnson, in place of Senator Fitzpatrick."

THE PRESIDENT FOR BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.

The National Democratic Committee, favoring the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane, after finishing the business of organization, paid a visit to the President on 27th. Colonel Wright, on behalf of the committee, after introducing the members, said that they had called before parting to tender their expression of personal respect to the Chief Magistrate, and of regard for his character and public services, etc. The President made a brief and happy reply, thanking them for the honor of the visit, and declaring his entire approval of the principles which had been proclaimed and the nominations which had been made by the National Democratic Convention. He wished them God speed, and entire success in the efforts they would be called upon to make on returning to their respective homes. The whole interview was of a most agreeable and cordial character, the President freely interchanging courtesies with the members of the committee, each of whom departed strongly impressed with the President's hearty concurrence in their action.

THE BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE COMMITTEE.

The Breckinridge and Lane National Democratic Committee is composed of the following members:

Isaac J. Stevens, of Oregon; George W. Hughes, of Maryland; John W. Stephenson, of Kentucky; Wm. Flinn, Jas. G. Berrett, Walter Lenox, and Geo. W. Riggs, of Washington, D.C.; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; Thomas B. Florence, of Pennsylvania; J. R. Thomson, of New Jersey; Augustus Schell, of New York; A. B. Meek, of Alabama; J. D. Bright, of Indiana; Robert Johnson, of Arkansas.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern* arrived at this port on 28th, reaching the light-ship at 7.30 A.M. There she anchored; at 2 P.M., high-water, she crossed the bar, and proceeded to the city, arriving at her dock at 6 P.M. The event created the greatest excitement throughout the city; business was generally neglected, and thousands of people thronged the wharves and roofs to obtain a glance at the great ship.

THE VOYAGE.

She left the Needles at ten A.M. on the 17th. With the exception of two days she experienced fine weather. She steamed the entire passage, ranging from 251 to 333 miles per twenty-four hours. The engines were not stopped until she was off George's Shoal, for soundings. She came in a route southeast, direct to the lightship, where she was boarded by the ship news collector and Mr. John Van Dusen, of pilot boat *Washington*, No. 4, a business partner of Admiral Murphy, who went out to Southampton for the ship. She drew twenty-seven feet water aft, but was trimmed to an even-keel before crossing the bar. The following is the number of miles made per day:

Date	Miles.
June 17	285
18	296
19	—
20	276
21	304
22	280
23	302
24	299
25	325
26	333
27	254

The highest speed attained was fourteen and a half knots. The ship's bottom is very foul, and an allowance of at least two knots an hour should be made on that account. The distance from Southampton is 3190 miles, but to avoid the ice she went further south.

CROSSING THE BAR.

A person who was on board thus describes the delicate operation of crossing the bar:

"The order is finally given by Mr. Murphy, under whose command the ship has now passed, to "Go ahead." The engineer waves his hand, the officer below repeats the order to those still further below, and in a minute the great wheels commence their revolutions. The stupendous fabric yields to the mighty power within her bowels, and moving slowly on its way, commences, as it were, a triumphal march toward the city. Gradually the point of danger is neared. The perilous bar is at hand. Speed is accordingly slacked, and Mr. Murphy from his position silently gives his orders. A simple elevation or depression of the hand indicates to the helmsmen the course they are to pursue, and the ship under this skillful guidance obeying her helm with almost the readiness of a sail boat, proceeds on her way.

THE SAIL UP THE BAY.

"Passing Fort Lafayette, a salute was fired, which was promptly responded to from the four guns of the *Great Eastern*, and from this time onward, until her arrival in the North River, it was one continual ovation to the distinguished stranger. Cannon boomed, steam whistles shrieked until almost wheezy, flags were dipped in graceful welcome, people hurrahed, handkerchiefs waved, swift-footed yachts dashed along in the huge shadow under a cloud of canvas, as if bowing in acknowledgment of the superior being towering above them, and demonstrations of a kindly nature came from every quarter. As far as the eye could see, the tops of houses in New York and all its suburbs were thronged with people. The Battery was black with the multitude, and wharves, shipping, and every other foothold commanding a view of the scene, presented the same animated appearance.

"As we neared the city the interest, if possible, increased. Hundreds of little craft shot out into the stream and fell in the wake of the *Great Eastern*. Looking down from her fore-top—an elevation almost equal to that of the tallest ordinary mast—it seemed almost a fairy spectacle. Below was the beautiful outline of the largest steamer in the world, gliding so majestically and quietly through the water that her motion was hardly perceptible, while behind, as far as the eye could reach—commencing with a few fast steamers at the stern—spread out the escort in the shape of an immense fan, every fold of which was quivering with beautiful life.

"When nearly off the Battery the chimes of Trinity Church were heard across the water, playing 'Rule Britannia.' Salutes were fired from all the steamers in port, not excepting, of course, the Cunarders at Jersey City, which, on the present occasion, did extra honors.

MOORED AT LAST.

"Before landing the *Great Eastern* proceeded up the North River as far as Forty-fifth Street; but the distance was hardly perceptible. Here, after some difficulty, she was turned and headed down stream for her dock, where, contrary to general expectation, she was at once moored. The manner in which this was done reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Murphy, the pilot; and the reader can appreciate the daring of the undertaking on being informed that the immense ship was carried alongside by him, to the no small astonishment of every individual on board, including the officers, with as much ease, apparently, as he would handle his own pilot-boat, governed alone by her own impetus, and without the aid of a single friendly hawser from a steam tug. Here she was made to touch the dock in a gentle way, clipping off only a splinter, comparatively, as she came alongside; hawsers were got out, the passengers' luggage was inspected and removed, good-by was said all around, the company departed for their respective destinations, and the *Great Eastern* quietly settled herself for a two months' rest."

HER PASSENGERS.

Forty-three passengers were all that could be found in the year 1860 to "venture" on the first voyage of the most splendid ship on the ocean. Here are their names:

General W. Watkins; Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison; Major F. Balfour; Captain Drummond; Captain Carnegie, R.N.; Captain Mackinnon, R.N.; Captain William Morris, R.N.; Captain H. Coryton, R.N.; Mr. and Mrs. D. Gooch; Mr. J. S. Oakford; Mr. G. S. Roebuck; Mr. George Wilkes; Mr. N. A. Woods; Mr. F. R. M'Kenzie; Mr. and Mrs. J. Stainthorpe; Miss M. A. Herbert; Mr. W. Barber; Mr. C. F. Field; Mr. R. Morson; Mr. George Hawkins; Mr. F Simpson; Mr. F. E. Hubbard; Rev. T. C. Southey; Mr. W. S. Taylor; Mr. G. D. Brooks; Mr. Thomas Hornby; Mr. H. Merrifield; Mr. Henry Mann; Mr. H. M. Wells; Mr. W. Cave; Mr. M. Juravleff; Mr. J. Juravleff; Professor P. Beresford; Mr. D. Kennedy; Mr. G. E. M. Taylor; Mr. Zerah Colburn; Mr. N. Scott Russell; Mr. John E. Skinner; Mr. A. L. Holley; Mr. M. Murphy; Mr. Thomas Bold.

THE PUBLIC EXHIBITION.

The *Great Eastern* is undergoing the necessary renovation, painting, deck-scouring, spar-scraping, brass-scouring, and saloon-dusting preparatory to the admission of visitors. On Tuesday, the 3d day of July, she was thrown open to the public; one dollar is the price of admission for adults—children under twelve years fifty cents. Throngs of citizens have visited the neighborhood daily to view the outside of the monster ship.

DOUBLE MURDER IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday night, just before twelve o'clock, two persons were assassinated in the Eighteenth Ward, under circumstances which render the case as startling as any that has transpired since the murder of Dr. Harvey Burdell. They were unknown to each other, and both were gentlemen of some prominence in the business community; one, Mr. John Walton, having been engaged for some years in conducting an extensive distillery, and the other, Mr. John W. Mathews, being a railroad contractor by profession. The perpetrator of the double murder eluded arrest, and, in fact, is not certainly known, although the proceedings at the inquest which was held on Sunday upon the bodies of the murdered men tend strongly to implicate the two sons-in-law of Mr. Walton, named Charles and Edward Jefferd, for whom warrants of arrest have been issued. Since the marriage of Mr. Walton with the mother of the suspected parties, he had led an unhappy life, and the constant difficulties between himself on one side, and his wife and her sons on the other, had resulted in a separation and suit for divorce, in which he was plaintiff. Since the commencement of the action, which is still pending in the Supreme Court, Mr. Walton's life, it is said, had been threatened repeatedly by his wife and her two sons, until at last he was afraid to venture in the streets without company. On Saturday night, while walking through Eighteenth Street, near Third Avenue, accompanied by his cousin, he was shot down from behind, and survived the wound but a few hours. It was in attempting to overtake the murderer, who had fled, that Mr. Mathews lost his life, the fugitive having turned upon him, and fired with so true an aim that his pursuer scarcely breathed afterward.

THE JAPANESE.

The Japanese Princes, with their interpreter, censor, and attendants, visited the Astor Library on Thursday, and were received by a Committee of the Trustees, whose Chairman, Mr. Ruggles, welcomed them in an appropriate address. They spent two hours in examining the rare works—some in their own language—with which the library is stored. On leaving they were presented with three superbly-bound volumes, containing the catalogue of the Library, as far as it is printed. They expressed themselves highly delighted with their visit. The Embassy also received a visit from a delegation of the Ethnological Society, and several visits from various public bodies and distinguished individuals. On Friday they embarked on board the *Niagara*, and sailed for Japan.

CONFESSION OF HARDEN.

Governor Olden, of New Jersey, has respited the execution of Jacob S. Harden for one week and a day, bringing it to Friday the 6th day of July.

It is stated that Harden is even now writing his confession, and that he has communicated certain portions of it to the jailer and one or two others.

The administering of the poison to his wife commenced on her return to Ramsey's, and it was given to her while sitting on his knee, even during the endearments of an apparently loving wife. He kindly invited her to partake of an apple on which he had spread arsenic. She unsuspectingly ate it, remarking that it appeared to have something gritty on it. He replied that it was "nothing."

There are statements said to have been made by the prisoner involving his criminality with others who shared his affections.

His purchasing the arsenic at Easton, and his using that which was about the house, are confirmed by Harden's own words. What is most astonishing is the statement that in the perpetration of these enormities Harden does not seem to have had the slightest compunctions. He did them without for once thinking that he was doing any thing very dreadful.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE BOMBARDMENT OF PALERMO.

LORD PALMERSTON lately spoke as follows in the House of Commons: "We understand that the government of Naples has sent a diplomatic agent to Paris and London, who may be expected to arrive here in a few days, for the purpose of making a communication to the two governments of France and England. No doubt that, in our communication with that envoy, we shall express to him those feelings which her Majesty's Government, in common with every body in this country, entertain with regard to the barbarities which have been practiced in Sicily. [Hear, hear.] It is really a disgrace to the present age and its civilization that these things should have occurred. [Cheers.] With regard to the next question, I must say that any such representation, in the way of remonstrance, that her Majesty's Government may make, would have any very beneficial effect in the future conduct of the Government of Naples, I can not venture to lead the House to entertain any very sanguine expectation. [Hear, hear.] It is far more likely, I am afraid, that that which happened after the sacking and massacre at Perugia may occur in the present case. It is more likely, I am afraid, that the naval and military officers who conducted the operations at Palermo may receive, instead of reprimand or punishment, promotion and reward from the Government of Naples. [Hear, hear.] With regard to the last question, we know that the Neapolitan Government has applied for assistance to its foreign allies to guarantee the integrity of the Two Sicilies. Austria has positively and peremptorily refused to interfere in the affairs of Naples. [Cheers.] We have reason to believe that the French Government has given a similar answer to that of Austria. [Cheers.] I need not say what the feeling of the British Government has been, and will be, upon a matter of that kind. [Cries of 'Hear, hear.'] It is the misfortune of governments like those of Rome and Naples that when, by the cruelties and atrocities committed under their authority, their subjects have been driven to desperation and have revolted, that they appeal to old friendly Powers for assistance to remove the authors of those revolutions. These governments forget that they themselves are the real and original authors of the revolt—[cheers]—and of all those revolutionary movements; and that if their prayer was granted, to accomplish it the first and necessary step would be their own removal." [Laughter and cheers.]

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY'S REPORT.

The following papers, relating to the affairs of Sicily, have been presented to Parliament:

REAR-ADMIRAL MUNDY TO THE SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY.

"HANNIBAL, PALERMO, *June* 3, 1860.

"From various sources I derive the following account of the destruction of life and property by the bombardment of the city. The scene is reported as most horrible. A whole district, one thousand yards (English) in length by one hundred wide, is in ashes, families have been burned alive with the buildings, while the atrocities of the royal troops have been frightful. In other parts, convents, churches, and isolated edifices have been crushed by the shells, 1100 of which were thrown into the city from the citadel, and about 200 from the ships of war, besides grape, canister, and round shot. The armistice has been prolonged indefinitely, and it is now hoped European Powers will interpose to prevent further bloodshed. The conduct of General Garibaldi, both during the hostilities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous. The royal troops have been ordered to evacuate Trapani and Termini, and it is reported they are to reinforce the garrison of Messina."

SALE OF LORD BYRON'S HOME.

On Wednesday, 13th ultimo, the Ancient Abbey and domain of Newstead, in the County of Nottingham, indissolubly associated in the public mind with the early life of Lord Byron, whose patrimony they constituted, were put up for sale. The largest offer was £120,000; the property, however, was bought in at the reserved bidding of £180,000.

BADEN.

THE ROYAL CONFERENCE.

The Royal Conference at Baden has attracted considerable attention. The Prince Regent of Prussia arrived there on the 14th inst., and the Emperor Napoleon on the following day.

The *Nord* refers to the interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia: "The interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the Prince Regent of Prussia, which our correspondent at Berlin first announced, and an announcement which has been since confirmed by our correspondent at Paris, will certainly take place this week. It is even probable that other German sovereigns will meet at the same time at Baden-Baden, and will then form a congress of Princes, of which the first and most important result will be a general restoration of good temper, and an end of those sterile agitations which have recently troubled Germany. If, as a correspondent of the Cologne *Gazette* avers, the initiative in this reunion was taken by the Emperor of the French, this sovereign will have rendered to Germany and to Europe a pacific and a very important service, in having put an end to a fermentation without any real cause, and without any definite object, but one which threatened to disturb the relations between two great neighboring and friendly nations."

The Conference closed on the 17th, and its results are said to be eminently satisfactory. Both the French and the Prussian journals declare that the peace of Europe is now consolidated and insured.

ITALY.

THE LATEST FROM SICILY.

At latest dates Garibaldi was actively engaged in organizing his reserve forces, and it was expected that he would not make any new movement for some days.

A late dispatch from Palermo, dated 11th inst., says that the embarkation of the Royal troops continues, and that the town is still barricaded.

The statement that the Neapolitan squadron had seized two ships conveying volunteers and arms to Sicily still lacks confirmation.

Garibaldi being triumphant, Count Cavour now requests the Cabinet of the Tuileries to adopt, in regard to Sicily, the policy followed in reference to Tuscany, Parma, Modena, and the Legations. This request has only been confidentially made to the Emperor Napoleon.

In this dispatch Count Cavour expresses a hope that France will not in any way interfere in the affairs of Sicily. He reminds the French Cabinet that the principle of non-intervention in Italy, as contained in the celebrated note of Lord John Russell, has been officially accepted by the French Government.

The capture of the two steamers, with 800 passengers, by the Neapolitan frigate *Fulminante*, is likely to cause the Government of Francis II. some trouble, as the Sardinian Minister has demanded their restitution and the release of the passengers, who had passports for Malta. In this demand the Sardinian Minister is supported by the English Embassador. One of the captured steamers is stated to have displayed American colors.

THE PROPOSALS OF BOMBA.

Prince Petrulla, the Neapolitan Minister at Vienna, has received by courier an autograph letter from his Sovereign, who engages himself solemnly:

1. To call to his Council men enjoying public confidence.

2. To reconstitute a government for guaranteeing the faithful and conscientious execution of the laws, as well as the suppression of abuses.

3. To proclaim a general amnesty.

His Majesty hopes that, in consideration of these guarantees, European diplomacy will no longer refuse to interfere in his favor against the revolution.

THE ARMISTICE.

The following is the text of the recent proclamation issued by Garibaldi:

SICILIANS.—The enemy has proposed to us an armistice, which, in a generous war, such as that in which we fight, I thought it reasonable not to refuse. The burying of the dead, the care of the wounded—in a word, every thing which the laws of humanity demand—has always honored the valor of the Italian soldier. Moreover, the Neapolitan wounded are also our brothers, although they are acting with cruel hostility, and are at present plunged in the darkness of political error; but it will not be long before the light of the national flag will induce them to swell the ranks of the Italian army. And, that the terms of the stipulated convention may be strictly maintained in a manner worthy of us, we publish the following:

ARTICLES OF CONVENTION BETWEEN THE UNDERSIGNED, AT PALERMO, MAY 31, 1860.

1. The suspension of hostilities will be prolonged during three days, dating from the present noon, May 31, at the termination of which his Excellency the General-in-Chief will send one of his adjutants to the camp, to establish by mutual agreement the hour for the resumption of hostilities.

2. The Royal Bank shall be placed in the care of the representative Crispi, Secretary of State, under suitable discharge; the detachment now in possession to proceed to Castellamare with arms and baggage.

3. The embarkation of the wounded and of families shall continue, no means being neglected to prevent any abuse whatever.

4. The transport of provisions shall be free to both parties at all hours of the day, the suitable dispositions being taken to see the same carried out.

5. It will be agreed to exchange the prisoners Mosto and Rivalsa for a first Lieutenant Colonel and another officer, for instance, Captain Grasso.

FRANCESCO CRISPI, *Secretary of State*.
For the Provisional Government of Sicily.
FERDINANDO LANZA, *General-in-Chief*.

GARIBALDI'S FIRST DECREE.

The official journal of the provisional government of Sicily publishes the following decrees:

ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the national forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decrees:

Art. 1. A Committee of Defense is instituted, which will have actively to provide, as far as is necessary, for the construction of regular barricades throughout the city, and for putting it in a state of defense, independently of the brave men that have come from other Italian provinces to help Sicily.

Art. 2. The barricades constructed will be formed at the distance of about a hundred paces from one another, and in their construction the paving-stones will be used. also posts, stakes, bags of earth, and the works will be placed under the direction of intelligent persons accustomed to such operations.

The articles required for the movable barricades will be prepared at such places as may be requisite, and especially where our combatants have to advance protected against the enemy's fire, and also for assaulting the quarters held by the Royalists. These barricades will be formed of baskets filled with earth, mattresses, straw, sacks, etc.

Art. 3. The committees will keep as large a supply as possible of sacks, which it will have filled with earth without delay.

Art. 4. The barricades are to be defended by the most courageous persons to be found in the streets where they are raised.

Art. 5. The doors and windows of the houses must be left open day and night, for affording shelter to the persons whom the committee may send for more effectually maintaining the defense.

Art. 6. The committee will also organize a central *corps de garde*, which, if possible, will establish itself near its residence. Every street must have a secondary *corps de garde*, which, by means of small patrols, will keep up communications with the central corps, and whose duty it will be to send a party every half hour to inquire into the state of the defense, and urge the inhabitants of every house to contribute to the said defense.

Art. 7. The committee will keep round it a strong detachment of armed men, in order to be able, if requisite, to send reinforcements to the points most threatened.

Art. 8. It will see to the preparation of ammunition, and especially of the so-called "revolutionary powder."

REWARDS TO THE BRAVE.

ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL.

Joseph Garibaldi, Commander-in-Chief of the National Forces in Sicily, in virtue of the powers conferred on him, decrees:

Art. 1. Out of the lands of the communal estates to be divided, in conformity with the law, among the citizens of the commune, every one, without drawing lots, shall have his allotment who shall have fought for his country. In case of the soldier's death, this privilege shall pass to his heir.

Art. 2. This allotment shall be equal to that which shall be set apart by drawing lots for every head of a poor family. Nevertheless, if the lands of a commune are greater than the population wants, the soldiers or their heirs shall obtain a share twice as great as the other persons sharing.

Art. 3. If the communes have no land of their own, they shall be supplied with land from the domains of the State or of the crown.

Art. 4. The Secretary of State is charged with the execution of the present decree.

GARIBALDI, *Dictator*.
FRANCISCO CRISPI, *Secretary of State*.
PALERMO, *June* 2, 1860.

HORRORS OF THE NEAPOLITAN PRISONERS.

An Englishman writes to a London journal: "On the morning of the 17th of February, 1848, I was among the foremost, and the only Englishman present, when the rush was made into the prison at Palermo. The facts were these:

"About forty of the *sbirri* had been captured by the revolutionists, treated by them with kindness, and placed in security until they could be sent to Naples—a friendly precaution to prevent their being murdered by the indignant mob, which then broke into the police palace, and cast the books and furniture from the windows. A portion of the spacious building appeared, however, to be inaccessible. Windows and loop-holes there were in it, but no opening to one entire wing of the dark prison-house.

"Presently, on removing one of the huge book-cases, some fresh-plastered wall appeared concealed behind it. A passage was quickly broken through it, and the senses were almost overpowered by the steaming effluvia which issued from seven dark chambers communicating with each other, where, upon clearing the loop-holes, a secreted scene of horror was before us—such as wants the best testimony to be believed. There lay human bodies, and the mutilated remains of such, in every state of death and decay; bundles of rotting rags, mingled with bones, and limbs, and filth, filled the corners of the smaller rooms; chains hung riveted to the walls above, whence some of these remains had dropped as they died—some still holding in their iron grasp the arms or ankles of their famished victims. Skeletons, almost fleshless, were piled upon others which were quite so, and placed on stone shelves, which had served as their beds while living; naked bodies, black and pulpy, were hidden beneath others more recently dead, yet alive with maggots; and, greater horror still, two human bodies, in writhing attitudes, were hanging crucified upon the wall of the largest chamber, the reeking, blood-stained stones of which held rusty spikes corresponding to the outstretched hands and feet of others which had been so suspended, and still retaining the stringy remains of muscles torn to shreds, from which the heavier portions had dropped, and lay in heaps of putridity beneath.

"Shrieks of indignant horror arose from the infuriate crowd, a portion of which rushed back to the prison where the captured *sbirri* were secured, brought them out, and shot them down on the instant. Others remained, raking and searching among the bones and bodies, examining minutely the putrid remnants of those they fancied might have been their fathers, brothers, or kindred, who had long been missing, but whose fate they knew not.

"One of the *sbirri*, whose life I tried in vain to save, endeavored to persuade me that the suspended bodies were not crucified while alive, but nailed there to augment the tortures of the living prisoners."

OPINIONS OF THE EUROPEAN PRESS.

It is amusing to compare the various epithets applied to Garibaldi by the foreign journals. We take the following as specimens:

Gazetta di Napoli.—"The monster in human shape, Garibaldi by name, has had the audacity to attack, at the head of a band of murderers, the dominions of his majesty the King of Naples. It is needless to add that measures are taken by the government to capture him, when he will be justly punished for his rash and lawless undertaking."

Gazetta di Roma.—"The Antichrist—for it is impossible to give a person possessed of the devil any other appellation—has dared to approach the coast of Sicily, and effected a landing with the assistance of the godless and heretic English."

Munich Volksblatt.—"The bandit Garibaldi is about to continue his wicked and bloody trade of human murderer in the happy and peaceful island of Sicily; but the divine vengeance will not fail to overtake him speedily."

Vienna Gazette.—"The professional rebel hopes to continue his former calling in Sicily; but he will be grievously disappointed, and his disgraceful attempt frustrated, by the courage and loyalty of the brave troops of the King of the Two Sicilies."

Leipzieger Zeitung.—"The pirate Garibaldi is, of course, acting by the orders of the King of Sardinia."

Berlin Kreutz-Zeitung.—"The adventurer Garibaldi will soon find that his lawless career has come to an untimely end."

Cassel Zeitung.—"The *parvenu* Garibaldi, not content with having kindled the flames of revolution in his own country, is now about to raise the standard of revolt in the hitherto happy kingdom of Naples."

Hamburg Papers.—"General Garibaldi is steadily advancing in his bold and dangerous career."

Gazetta di Bologna.—"The heroic son of Italy, whose name no true Italian can pronounce without the most profound admiration and enthusiasm, is now engaged in the most important campaign of his eventful life."

Florence Gazette.—"The redeemer of Italy is about to attack the stronghold of tyranny. Every true Italian heart beats with hope for the success of his sublime undertaking."

Giornale di Milano.—"The genius of Italy has at length drawn his sword and thrown away the scabbard to rescue his country from the last remnant of tyranny."

Turin Gazette.—"The Archangel Gabriel has appeared in human shape on earth, in the person of Garibaldi, to scatter the last enemies of Italian liberty and bring them to the condign punishment they deserve."

Gazetta di Napoli (latest number).—"The commander-in-chief of the King's troops in Sicily has signed a capitulation with his excellency General Garibaldi at Palermo."

THE IRISH IN THE PAPAL ARMY.

The *Wanderer*, of Vienna, publishes a letter from Ancona, dated the 6th ultimo, which says:

"The Irish yesterday had a fight among themselves, and wounded some of the gens d'armes who interfered to separate them. The delegate has hitherto treated the Irish like princes, and their pretensions are, in consequence, unbounded. Every soldier insists on having his own room, table, etc. It is to be feared that, after all, the Pontifical Government will be under the necessity of requesting the Irish to go home again."

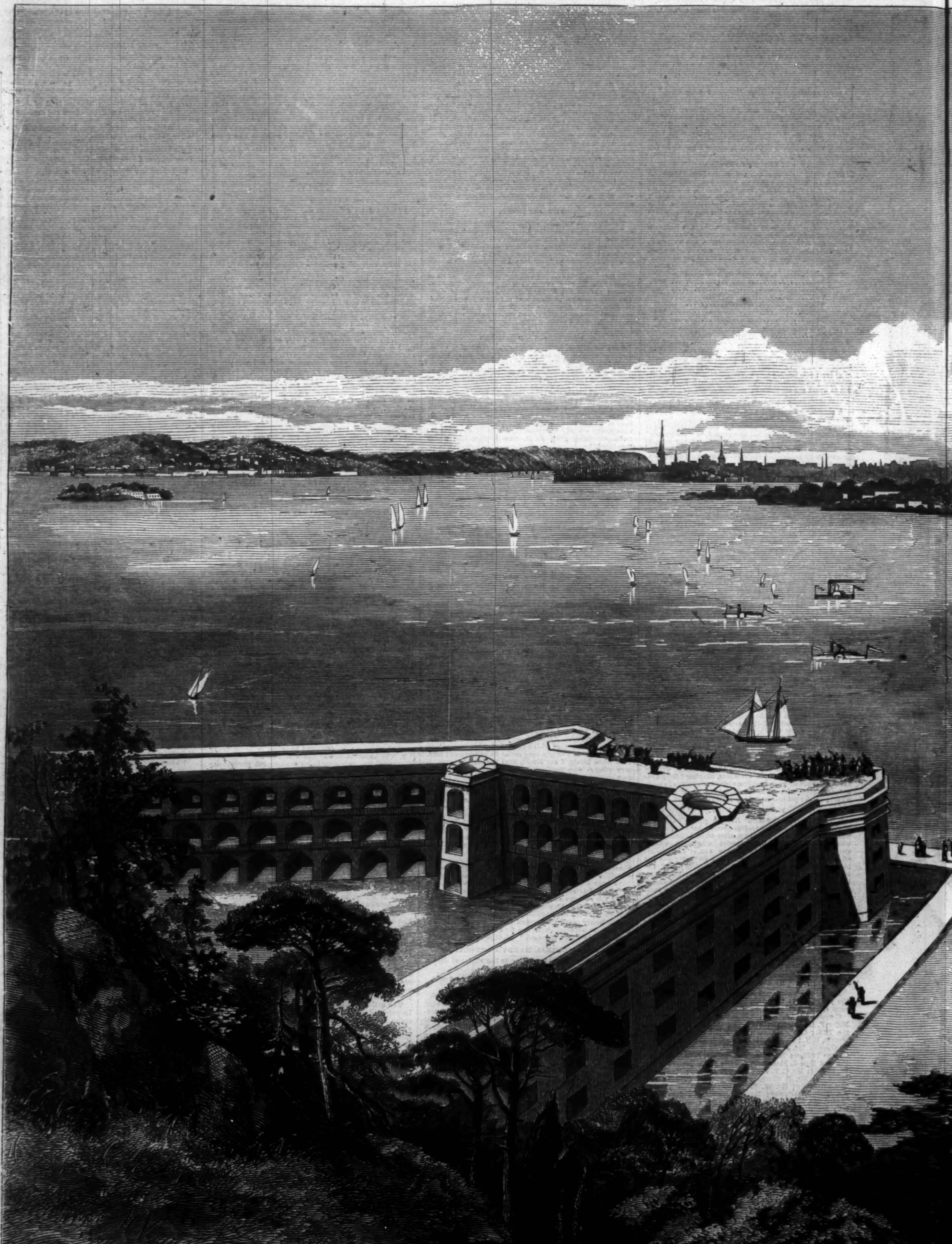
TURKEY.

THE SULTAN SNUBBED AGAIN.

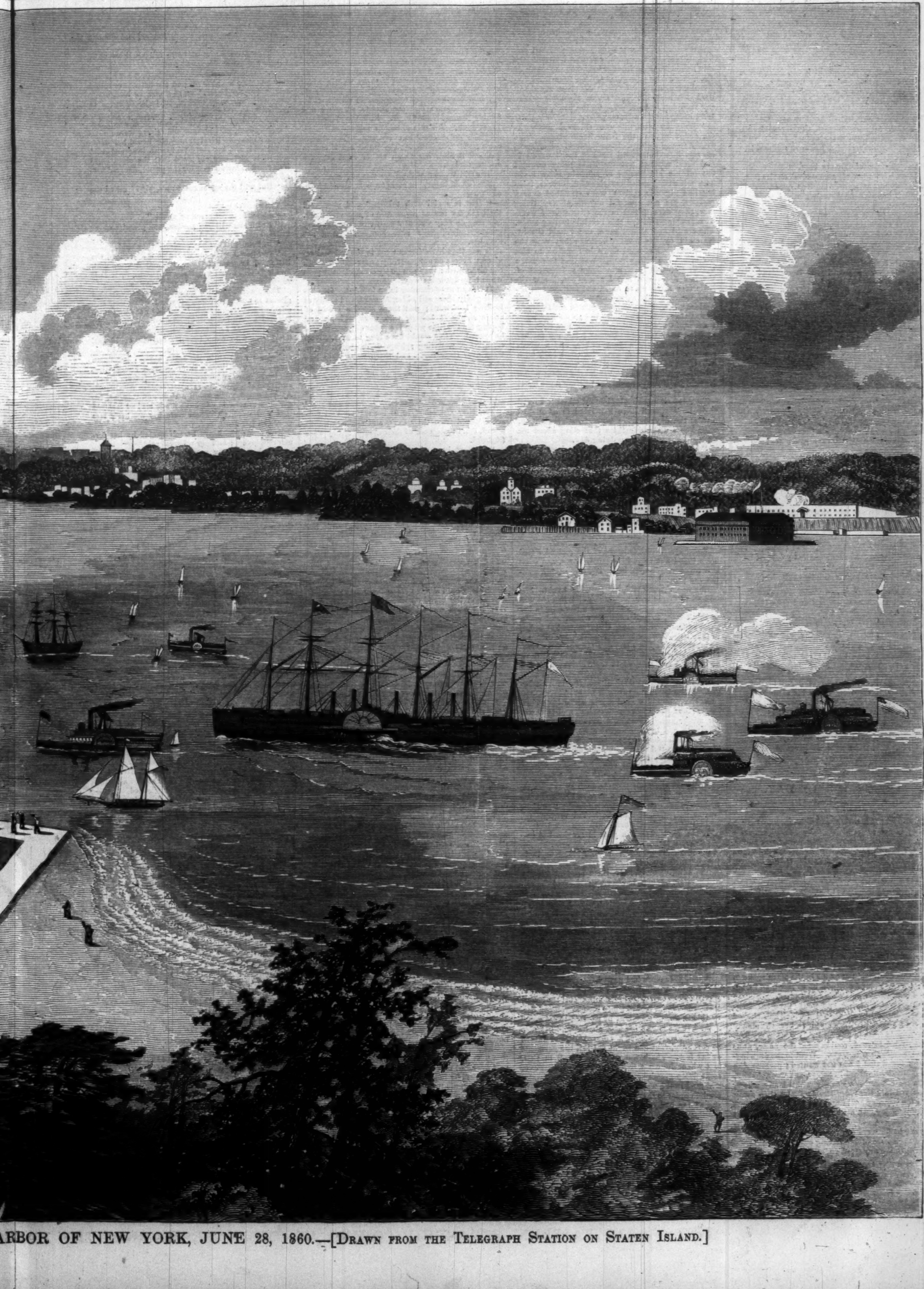
Sir Henry Bulwer has firmly pointed out to the Porte the necessity of repressing abuses, and said, that upon such repression would depend the support of England. The Sultan has favorably received these representations, and has sent his portrait to the embassador.

ANOTHER RELIGIOUS WAR.

The civil war in Turkey, up to last accounts, still continued. Thirty-six villages at Mount Lebanon are stated to have been burned by the Druses, who have been the victors. The Turkish authorities have not interfered, and the soldiers who had been sent to protect the Christians had joined the Druses and participated in the massacre.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP COMING UP THE NARROWS INTO THE HARB



ARBOR OF NEW YORK, JUNE 28, 1860.—[Drawn from the Telegraph Station on Staten Island.]

VANITAS VANITATUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

How spake of old the Royal Seer?
(His text is one I love to treat on)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes Mataioteton.

Oh, Student of this gilded Book,
Declare, while musing on its pages,
If truer words were ever spoke
By ancient or by modern sages?

The various authors' names but note,*
French, Spanish, English, Russians, Germans;
And in the volume polyglot
Sure you may read a hundred sermons!

What histories of life are here,
More wild than all romancers' stories;
What wondrous transformations queer,
What homilies on human glories!

What theme for sorrow or for scorn!
What chronicle of Fortune's doings—
Of Fate disastrous nobly borne,
Of chances, changes, rises, ruins!

Of thrones upset, and sceptres broke,
How strange a record here is written!
Of honors, dealt as if in joke;
Of brave desert unkindly smitten.

How low men were, and how they rise!
How high they were, and how they tumble!
Oh, Vanity of vanities!
Oh, laughable, pathetic jumble!

Here, between honest Janin's joke
And his Turk Excellency's firman,
I write my name upon the book:
I write my name—and end my sermon.

Oh, Vanity of vanities!
How wayward the decrees of Fate are;
How very weak the very wise,
How very small the very great are!

What mean these stale moralities,
Sir Preacher, from your desk you mumble?
Why rail against the great and wise,
And tire us with your ceaseless grumble?

Pray choose us out another text,
Oh, man morose and narrow-minded!
Come, turn the page—I read the next,
And then the next, and still I find it.

Read here how Wealth aside was thrust,
And Folly sat in place exalted;
How Princes footed in the dust,
While lackeys in the saddle vaulted.

Though thrice a thousand years are past
Since David's son, the sad and splendid,
The weary King Ecclesiast,
Upon his awful tablets penned it—

Methinks the text is never stale,
And life is every day renewing
Fresh comments on the old, old tale
Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin.

Hark to the Preacher, preaching still!
He lifts his voice and cries his sermon,
Here at St. Peter's of Cornhill,
As yonder on the Mount of Hermon:

For you and me to heart to take
(Oh, dear beloved brother-readers)
To-day, as when the good King spake
Beneath the solemn Syrian cedars.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

[*From a new Work by* A. Stewart Harrison, *now in the Press of the Harpers.*]

"You all know I went to America without much money in my pocket. Well, I managed somehow to get to Buffalo—worked my passage as sailor. Well, I was desperately hard up, was in debt for a fortnight's board when Independence Day arrived. I had got nothing on earth to do, and had done nothing for a week previously, so I sauntered about, and looked at the people hurrying to and fro, till about ten o'clock, when the militia companies began to assemble and march. The officers mounted, and among them the chaplain, Dr. Thompson. Well, that amused me for a quarter of an hour, and then I went to the lecture hall and took my place among the audience to hear the oration of the day. I heard it, and felt that, next to being an Englishman, I should like to be an American. That was over, and not a soul in the place spoke to me: I grew sick of solitude in a crowd, and wandered out into the outskirts of the town.

"I grew sick of that, and went to the boarding-house to dinner—every morsel of which half choked me, for I hadn't the slightest idea where the money was to come from to pay for it. I went to my bed-room; tried to read, couldn't for the noise, guns firing, people shouting, etc. Went to the drawing-room; found that I was not wanted; persons who are a fortnight's board in arrear, and wear shabby, worn clothes are not usually wanted any where. Then out into the noisy streets again, then away into the country again—no rest! All around me brimful of joy. I a stranger in a strange land! Not a creature, out of the tens of thousands in the streets, had a word for me. I never felt before or since such a miserable feeling of loneliness.

"Well, the day went on, and then came the fire-works for the evening. Of course I went. There was a tolerably large crowd, some sitting on the grass, some standing; and strange their joyous faces, lighted by the last rays of the setting sun, looked to me. At last the ghost-like shapes of the fire-work lighters were visible, in a dim blue light, and the crowd gathered a little nearer. I had previously noticed two girls, one about twelve, the other about four, in front of me; but the whole of the performance was quite hidden from them; so I said to the little one, 'Here, sis, sit on my shoulder. Sit here, sis.' So I took the little one on my shoulder, and the other by the hand, and contrived to get them a better place.

"Well, the fire-works went off, as all fire-works do, and I noticed the little hand pressed more firmly to my neck, as blaze after blaze of rockets rose into the air, till the last batch were off; and then, when I put the little thing down, I felt all the old feeling of solitude come back. The half-extinguished remains of fire-works, looking like gigantic spiders' webs stretched over a gallows, are not cheerful objects at any time; now, they were dismal in the extreme. I wanted something to drive this horrible feeling away. The crowd had almost gone, and I held the little child by the hand till then; but now she must go; so I stooped down in the dark to kiss her before she left, when, just at that moment, a breath of wind blew into flame a fragment of the late fire-works, and I saw—yes, I saw the little face lifted up to mine, and felt the two little arms round my neck, and the sweet little lips against mine. I've seen some things, and felt some things that exercise an influence on me now; but I never, in my life, felt any thing like that. It was the first kiss I'd had since I left my mother and sisters, nearly a year before, and a whole crowd of the tenderest memories came back with it. I was no longer alone; there were those who cared for me, loved me; never did the nectar which brought back youth to old age produce more effect—a greater change.

"I rose that morning indifferent whether I lived or died. I should have half liked to have died during the day, but the night found me a man, with hopes and aspirations that cling about me still—I hope will till my dying day.

"I wonder," said Jones, after a short pause, "whether that little girl recollects the shabby, haggard, carroty-bearded man, who held her on his shoulder, and kissed her on Independence Day, four or five years ago."

THE GIRL WHO TROD UPON BREAD.

You have doubtless heard of the girl who trod upon bread not to soil her pretty shoes, and what evil this brought upon her. The tale is both written and printed.

She was a poor child, but proud and vain. She had a bad disposition, people said. When she was little more than an infant it was a pleasure to her to catch flies, to pull off their wings, and maim them entirely. She used, when somewhat older, to take lady-birds and beetles, stick them all upon a pin, then put a large leaf or a piece of paper close to their feet, so that the poor things held fast to it, and turned and twisted in their endeavors to get off the pin.

"Now the lady-birds shall read," said little Inger. "See how they turn the paper!"

As she grew older she became worse instead of better; but she was very beautiful, and that was her misfortune. She would have been punished otherwise, and in the long-run she was.

"You will bring evil on your own head," said her mother. "As a little child you used often to tear my aprons; I fear that when you are older you will break my heart."

And she did so sure enough.

At length she went into the country to wait on people of distinction. They were as kind to her as if she had been one of their own family; and she was so well dressed that she looked very pretty, and became extremely arrogant.

When she had been a year in service her employers said to her:

"You should go and visit your relations, little Inger."

She went, resolved to let them see how fine she had become. When, however, she reached the village, and saw the lads and lasses gossiping together near the pond, and her mother sitting close by on a stone, resting her head against a bundle of firewood which she had picked up in the forest, Inger turned back. She felt ashamed that she who was dressed so smartly should have for her mother such a ragged creature, one who gathered sticks for her fire. It gave her no concern that she was expected—she was so vexed.

A half year more had passed.

"You must go home some day and see your old parents, little Inger," said the mistress of the house. "Here is a large loaf of white bread—you can carry this to them; they will be rejoiced to see you."

And Inger put on her best clothes and her nice new shoes, and she lifted her dress high, and walked so carefully, that she might not soil her garments or her feet. There was no harm at all in that. But when she came to where the path went over some damp marshy ground, and there were water and mud in the way, she threw the bread into the mud, in order to step upon it and get over with dry shoes; but just as she had placed one foot on the bread, and had lifted the other up, the bread sank in with her deeper and deeper, till she went entirely down, and nothing was to be seen but a black bubbling pool.

That is the story.

What became of the girl? She went below to the *Old Woman of the Bogs*, who brews down there. The Old Woman of the Bogs is an aunt of the fairies. *They* are very well known. Many poems have been written about them, and they have been printed; but nobody knows any thing more of the Old Woman of the Bogs than that, when the meadows and the ground begin to reek in summer, it is the old woman below who is brewing. Into her brewery it was that Inger sank, and no one could hold out very long there. A cess-pool is a charming apartment compared with the old Bog-woman's brewery. Every vessel is redolent of horrible smells, which would make any human being faint, and they are packed closely together and over each other; but even if there were a small space among them which one might creep through, it would be impossible, on account of all the slimy toads and snakes that are always crawling and forcing themselves through. Into this place little Inger sank. All this nauseous mess was so ice-cold that she shivered in every limb. Yes, she became stiffer and stiffer. The bread stuck fast to her, and it drew her as an amber bead draws a slender thread.

The Old Woman of the Bogs was at home.

She beheld Inger, put on her spectacles and looked at her.

"That is a girl with talents," said she. "I shall ask for her as a *souvenir* of my visit here. She may do very well as a statue to ornament my great-grandchildren's ante-chamber." And she took her.

It was thus little Inger went to the infernal regions. People do not generally go straight through the air to them: they can go by a roundabout path when they know the way.

It was an ante-chamber in an infinity. One became giddy there at looking forward, and giddy at looking backward; and there stood a crowd of anxious, pining beings, who were waiting and hoping for the time when the gates of grace should be opened. They would have long to wait. Hideous, large, waddling spiders wove thousands of webs over their feet; and these webs were like gins or foot-screws, and held them as fast as chains of iron, and were a cause of disquiet to every soul—a painful annoyance.

"This comes of wishing to have clean shoes," said she to herself. "See how they stare at me!"

Yes, they did all stare at her; their evil passions glared from their eyes, and spoke, without sound, from the corner of their mouths: they were frightful.

"It must be a pleasure to them to see me," thought little Inger. "I have a pretty face, and am well dressed." And she dried her eyes. She had not lost her conceit. She had not then perceived how her fine clothes had been soiled in the brew-house of the Old Woman of the Bogs. Her dress was covered with dabs of nasty matter; a snake had wound itself among her hair, and it dangled over her neck; and from every fold in her garment peeped out a toad, that puffed like an asthmatic lap-dog. It was very disagreeable. "But all the rest down here look horrid too," was the reflection with which she consoled herself.

But the worst of all was the dreadful hunger she felt. Could she not stoop down and break off a piece of the bread on which she was standing? No; her back was stiffened; her hands and her arms were stiffened; her whole body was like a statue of stone; she could only move her eyes, and these she could turn entirely round, and that was an ugly sight. And flies came and crept over her eyes backward and forward. She winked her eyes; but the intruders did not fly away, for they could not—their wings had been pulled off. That was another misery added to the hunger—the gnawing hunger that was so terrible to bear!

"If this goes on I can not hold out much longer," she said.

But she had to hold out, and her sufferings became greater.

Then a warm tear fell upon her head. It trickled over her face and her neck, all the way down to the bread. Another tear fell; then many followed. Who was weeping over little Inger? Had she not a mother up yonder on the earth? The tears of anguish which a mother sheds over her erring child always reach it; but they do not comfort the child—they burn, they increase the suffering. And oh! this intolerable hunger; yet not to be able to snatch one mouthful of the bread she was treading under foot! She became as thin, as slender, as a reed. Another trial was that she heard distinctly all that was said of her above on the earth, and it was nothing but blame and evil. Though her mother wept, and was in much affliction, she still said,

"Pride goes before a fall. That was your great fault, Inger. Oh, how miserable you have made your mother!"

Her mother, and all who were acquainted with her, were well aware of the sin she had committed in treading upon bread. They knew that she had sunk into the bog, and was lost; the cow-herd had told that, for he had seen it himself from the brow of the hill.

"What affliction you have brought on your mother, Inger!" exclaimed her mother. "Ah, well! I expected no better from you."

"Would that I had never been born!" thought Inger; "that would have been much better for me. My mother's whimpering can do no good now."

She heard how the family, the people of distinction who had been so kind to her, spoke. "She was a wicked child," they said; "she valued not the gifts of our Lord, but trod them under her feet. It will be difficult for her to get the gates of grace open to admit her."

"They ought to have brought me up better," thought Inger. "They should have taken the whims out of me, if I had any."

She heard that there was a common ballad made about her, "the bad girl who trod upon bread, to keep her shoes nicely clean," and this ballad was sung from one end of the country to the other.

"That any one should have to suffer so much for such as that—be punished so severely for such a trifle!" thought Inger. "All these others are punished justly, for no doubt there was a great deal to punish; but ah, how I suffer!"

And her heart became still harder than the substance into which she had been turned.

"No one can be better in such society. I will not grow better here. See how they glare at me!"

And her heart became still harder, and she felt a hatred toward all mankind.

"They have a nice story to tell up there now. Oh, how I suffer!"

She listened, and heard them telling her history as a warning to children, and the little ones called her "ungodly Inger." "She was so naughty," they said, "so very wicked, that she deserved to suffer."

The children always spoke harshly of her. One day, however, that hunger and misery were gnawing her most dreadfully, and she heard her name mentioned, and her story told to an innocent child—a little girl—she observed that the child burst into tears in her distress for the proud, finely-dressed Inger.

"But will she never come up again?" asked the child.

The answer was—

"She will never come up again."

"But if she will beg pardon, and promise never to be naughty again?"

"But she will *not* beg pardon," they said.

"Oh, how I wish she would do it!" sobbed the little girl, in great distress. "I will give my doll, and my doll's house too, if she may come up! It is so shocking for poor little Inger to be down there!"

These words touched Inger's heart; they seemed almost to make her good. It was the first time any one had said "poor Inger," and had not dwelt upon her faults. An innocent child cried and prayed for her. She was so much affected by this that she felt inclined to weep herself; but she could not, and this was an additional pain.

Years passed on in the earth above; but down where she was there was no change, except that she heard more and more rarely sounds from above, and that she herself was more seldom mentioned. At last one day she heard a sigh, and "Inger, Inger, how miserable you have made me! I foretold that you would!" These were her mother's last words on her death-bed.

And again she heard herself named by her former employers; and her mistress said,

"Perhaps I may meet you once more, Inger. None know whither they are to go."

But Inger knew full well that her excellent mistress would never come to the place where *she* was.

Time passed on, and on, slowly and wretchedly. Then once more Inger heard her name mentioned, and she beheld, as it were, directly above her, two clear stars shining. These were two mild eyes that were closing upon earth. So many years had elapsed since a little girl had cried in childish sorrow over "poor Inger" that that child had become an old woman, whom our Lord was now about to call to himself. At that hour, when the thoughts and the actions of a whole life stand in review before the parting soul, she remembered how, as a little child, she had wept bitterly on hearing the history of Inger. That time, and those feelings, stood so prominently before the old woman's mind in the hour of death that she cried, with intense emotion,

"Lord, my God! have not I often, like Inger, trod under foot Thy blessed gifts, and placed no value on them? Have I not often been guilty of pride and vanity in my secret heart? But Thou, in Thy mercy, didst not let me sink; Thou didst hold me up. Oh, forsake me not in my last hour!"

And the aged woman's eyes closed, and her spirit's eyes opened to what had been formerly invisible; and as Inger had been present in her latest thoughts, she beheld her, and perceived how deep she had been dragged downward. At that sight the gentle being burst into tears; and in the kingdom of heaven she stood like a child, and wept for the fate of the unfortunate Inger. Her tears and her prayers sounded like an echo down in the hollow form that confined the imprisoned, miserable soul. That soul was overwhelmed by the unexpected love from those realms afar. One of God's angels wept for her! Why was this vouchsafed to her? The tortured spirit gathered, as it were, into one thought, all the actions of its life—all that it had done; and it shook with the violence of its remorse—remorse such as Inger had never felt. Grief became her predominating feeling. She thought that for her the gates of mercy would never open, and as in deep contrition and self-abasement she thought thus, a ray of brightness penetrated into the dismal abyss—a ray more vivid and glorious than the sunbeams which thaw the snow figures that the children make in their gardens. And this ray, more quickly than the snow-flake that falls upon a child's warm mouth can be melted into a drop of water, caused Inger's petrified figure to evaporate, and a little bird arose, following the zigzag course of the ray, up toward the world that mankind inhabit. But it seemed afraid and shy of every thing around it; it felt ashamed of itself; and apparently wishing to avoid all living creatures, it sought, in haste, concealment in a dark recess in a crumbling wall. Here it sat, and it crept into the farthest corner, trembling all over. It could not sing, for it had no voice. For a long time it sat quietly there before it ventured to look out and behold all the beauty around. Yes, it was beauty! The air was so fresh, yet so soft; the moon shone so clearly; the trees and the flowers scented so sweetly; and it was so comfortable where she sat—her feather garb so clean and nice! How all creation told of love and glory! The grateful thoughts that awoke in the bird's breast she would willingly have poured forth in song, but the power was denied to her. Yes, gladly would she have sung as do the cuckoo and the nightingale in spring. Our gracious Lord, who hears the mute worm's hymn of praise, understood the thanksgiving that lifted itself up in the tones of thought, as the psalm floated in David's mind before it resolved itself into words and melody.

As weeks passed on these unexpressed feelings

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* Between a page by Jules Janin, and a poem by the Turkish Embassador, in Madame de R——'s album, containing the autographs of kings, princes, poets, marshals, musicians, diplomatists, statesmen, artists, and men of letters of all nations.

of gratitude increased. They would surely find a voice some day, with the first stroke of the wing, to perform some good act. Might not this happen?

Now came the holy Christmas festival. The peasants raised a pole close by the old wall, and bound an unthrashed bundle of oats on it, that the birds of the air might also enjoy the Christmas, and have plenty to eat at that time which was held in commemoration of the redemption brought to mankind.

And the sun rose brightly that Christmas morning, and shone upon the oat-sheaf, and upon all the chirping birds that flew around the pole; and from the wall issued a faint twittering. The swelling thoughts had at last found vent, and the low sound was a hymn of joy, as the bird flew forth from its hiding-place.

The winter was an unusually severe one. The waters were frozen thickly over; the birds and the wild animals in the woods had great difficulty in obtaining food. The little bird, that had so recently left its dark solitude, flew about the country roads, and when it found by chance a little corn dropped in the ruts, it would eat only a single grain itself, while it called all the starving sparrows to partake of it. It would also fly to the villages and towns, and look well about; and where kind hands had strewed crumbs of bread outside the windows for the birds, it would eat only one morsel itself, and give all the rest to the others.

At the end of the winter the bird had found and given away so many crumbs of bread, that the number put together would have weighed as much as the loaf upon which little Inger had trodden in order to save her fine shoes from being soiled; and when she had found and given away the very last crumb, the gray wings of the bird became white, and expanded wonderfully.

"It is flying over the sea!" exclaimed the children who saw the white bird. Now it seemed to dip into the ocean, now it arose into the clear sunshine; it glittered in the air; it disappeared high, high above; and the children said that it had flown up to the sun.

AN EXPERIENCE.

MY father moved to Minnesota in the spring of '56. I was then a gay and somewhat scrawny girl of thirteen years. I remember, when he helped me to climb up the wheel into the great wagon where mother, the baby, and Dave had already been ensconced, father said, with that tone into which the voice slides so easily when we are breaking away from homes,

"You'll be a woman, Nora, before you see old Illinois again."

It was a strange subject of contemplation for such a time, when the heart was full of the old memories that cluster around the humblest home; when the eyes of all of us were swimming in tears; and the first miles of our long journey were being wended. But still I could not help reflecting on those words of my father, "You'll be a woman, Nora."

What great change was this, upon the threshold of which I was now standing; so much an era in the life of us that father—my brown, hard-working father—used it, half-unconsciously, as the measurement of time, the date of an epoch?

I think we are apt to seek a new, though kindred, channel of thought when the last good-by has been said, and the rumbling of wheels reminds us that the partings are really over at last. The soul has been so long busy with this ever-approaching climax of tears and grief, that when once the die is cast it turns willingly from under the special pressure to some untried, contemplative phase.

And so as the wagon wound along the road—while father was watching the retreating home-scenes, and mother was drying her eyes with every doubtful success—I sat and wondered what was before me. What would this wild, ungainly, restless, homely girl be as a woman? What untried, undreamed-of path would open before me by-and-by? Should I love to clamber fences then? Should I love to sit and watch the lightning and listen to the thunder? Should I love lambs, and chickens, and little pigs? And would it be the height of my ambition then, as now, to jump the rope a greater number of times than any body else could, and play the leaf-and-comb harpsichord better than even Jim Lane, the boy music king? I can scarcely tell where my thread of thought, unwinding, would have led me, had not the stout voice of John, my elder brother, who was pedestrianizing behind the family coach, burst out with—

"Father, you've left the saw, and the axe, and them two scythes!"

Father drew in the reins, looked thoughtful a moment, stood up on the tongue, and gazed back down the road, glanced at mother, and then said, with a sigh,

"Well, I'm sorry; they's worth five dollars—an' money'll be scarce in the new country; but I —*I can't go back.*"

So we jogged along.

Our turn-out was of the popular pattern, for which, fortunately, no patent has been taken. A broad, roomy wagon on stout wheels, covered with white cloth stretched upon arched poles, and forming a canopy suggestive of the "milky way," filled with boxes of clothing, barrels of provisions, and divers cooking utensils, the whole drawn by a pair of stout though somewhat scraggy farm-horses.

I will not attempt to give the panorama of our long, slow journey over so many hundred miles in such vicissitudes of weather, cooking our well-eaten meals in the open air, and sleeping within the half-shelter under storm as well as starlight. When night came father would drive out one side of the road, unhitch the horses, and then prepare for the cooking of supper. Mother was just as good a housewife there as in our snug kitchen at home. Every thing was as clean as it could be; the biscuits were white and feathery; and the tea-kettle swinging from the cross stick on the crotches, sang the identical old song that it sung in "Illinoi." Father always gave thanks over these out-door meals; and I used to notice, or fancy I noticed, more softness in his rugged tones than ever before.

One night—we had been out many weeks, had entered Minnesota, and were some forty miles west of the Falls of St. Anthony, in the broad belt of timber which reaches across that section of the country: John and Dave were out shooting pigeons, tea and biscuits were being served and eaten with the usual relish—suddenly a man on horseback pulled up before us with the words:

"For God's sake come and help us, if you know any thing about doctoring! He's bleeding to death, Carl is. Quick! Come quick!"

Father was slowly gathering himself together with the gravity which comes of years and hard work, when I, strung to nervous quickness by the man's manner and story, ran to one of the horses, scrambled to his back, and galloped away to the scene of the disaster. I found a young man bleeding to death, as the messenger had said—a cut across the arm severing the brachial artery. Thanks to my reading, I knew what to do. Putting my finger in the gash from which the blood was spouting, I pressed the lips of the artery together, and the flow of blood ceased. Further than this I knew little or nothing. Another of the party had gone in the direction of a man living a few miles back, who had the reputation of being a physician. I had stopped the flow of blood. So far I was safe. More I would not attempt. So I sat on the ground beside him, and held my finger on the artery—holding his life there with my forefinger.

Not less than two hours elapsed before the doctor came, and all that time I sat with my finger on the crevice through which his life blood had oozed away. He was very weak and pale.

Sometimes he would lie with his eyes quite closed and the breathing scarcely perceptible. Again he would turn his face toward me, and, fastening his eyes, seem to study me; much as an invalid will study the paper on the walls. He was very patient in waiting, and appeared very grateful for my timely coming and care.

Though brown and rough with exposure, yet his arm was smoothly fashioned, and his hands were rather small for a man of executive life. I wondered while I sat there what kind of a life I had saved—if it were indeed saved. Was this man beside whom I was kneeling—these muscles, lips, eyes—a living power for good and virtue and truth, or was I checking the outflow of a sort of self-life of which the ashes would be scarcely less valuable than the perfect structure before me? I wondered:

> Who was his father?
> Who was his mother?
> Had he a sister?
> Had he a brother?
> Or was there a dearer one
> Still, and a nearer one
> Yet, than all other.

What made the man look at me so? Was it because I looked so odd and ugly and wild? I didn't care; I had saved his life, any way. Surely he need have little concern for the looks of the girl who was holding his heart-beat under her finger, be she never so ugly.

At length the doctor arrived. I was released, and the wound was dressed.

Life had so nearly ebbed that it was quite necessary to have gentle care for a few days; and as there were no women in the depths of that forest within many miles, mother would have us remain and rest, that she might care for the stranger. Father was not unwilling, for he said:

"Tain't no use to overdrive and worry ourselves; and then, agin, it's no loss to eny body to help a young fellow like him to live."

We staid four days. I remember nothing remarkable about it, except that the stranger became lively and interesting as he grew stronger, and that mother and father both liked him. They seemed to regard him as a superior in some way. I liked him too. But then I was only a child; and mother had always taught me to be unobtrusive and quiet in the presence of strangers. I used to wait on him a great deal though, and often read to him, and answered his questions concerning the books which had fallen in my way. I thought him rather inquisitive sometimes. But then he seemed to know so much; it gave him a sort of right to be free with simple people like us, and especially with an uncouth child like myself. I used to wonder what made him look at me so much—not rudely, but with a studying expression; full of good breeding, but earnest. Intuitively I knew that he was reading me. Me! I hoped he liked it.

When we left him, father gave minute descriptions of the locality which he designed to select as our future home. It was to be on such a "quarter-section," in such a "township," and on such a "range."

"I shall find you all again," he said, as we rolled away.

Some disappointment concerning the land upon which father had intended to settle, together with rather glowing accounts of a more northern section of the country, produced an important change in his plans and in the final location of our home.

If there were time to give them, the rough vicissitudes of three years of pioneer life would be suggestive of some descriptions in which the writer, if not the reader, would take an interest. There was hard work for father—borne stoutly and cheerily, however. Those great forest trees came crashing down one by one, spreading more and more of the sky above us, and, with their smoulderings in heaps, filling the air with a perfume which soon came to have a touch of home in it.

Mother made the log-cabin a very comfortable place indeed—a tidy, lovable, attractive home, for us of simple tastes and habits. Mother and I had full superintendence of the garden; and not unfrequently browned our faces in keeping it free from weeds. For myself, I was given more liberty than I should have taken, perhaps; but I loved so well to roam under the trees, in search of flowers and curiosities, that I fear I sometimes forgot the house and garden work at home.

I lived rather an unrestrained, rather a wild life, in keeping with my rollicking tendencies.

While the three years were going by I used to wonder sometimes when I should be a woman—a woman in that sense of the word which implies a consciousness of a different style of nature and existence. Father would often speak of me as a young woman now; the dresses of three years ago were quite outgrown; the little broken mirror—all we could boast—told a story of more symmetrical features and a deeper life in my face; travelers, who often came that way, treated me with a consideration never evinced toward a child; rustic young men were shy of me; and yet it seemed to me that I was the same untamable girl I had ever been.

Laughingly, I said to father one day,

"I guess I shall see 'Illinoi' before I'm a woman after all, unless I get sobered suddenly."

He only looked up with an expression of honest pride in his good, fatherly face. We are not the least alike, yet I love my father dearly.

Mother said to me one day, as we sat sewing in the breeze by the open door-way,

"I've got something to tell you, child."

I saw, by the slightest possible catching of the breath and constraint of tone, that the subject was embarrassing.

I dropped my work upon my lap, folded my hands, and looked up. Mother broke the ice with one of those sudden blows which her quick hand knew how to deal.

"Mr. Brock wants to marry you."

"Me!" and darting out the door-way I ran down the path, and then walked hurriedly into the forest. I wandered about, breaking twigs from the bushes, hunting for bear-tracks and flowers, till I was calm as well as tired. And yet every thought took form in the ejaculation, "Me!" In two hours I returned. Mother was sitting in the same spot. I took my seat and my work, and for a little time we worked away quietly.

"He is a likely young man."

I said nothing.

"Your father says his clearing is one of the best within ten miles, and is sure to give him a good, comfortable living, besides making him well off by-and-by, when the country gets settled."

"But he's so much older than I; and then I'm only a girl, and am so happy here at home, mother."

"You won't want to live at home always, child. You will be happier to have a home of your own; and Mr. Brock is safe and good and substantial."

"But I don't love him."

"You will, child."

We sat still a long while, and when we put aside our work to prepare for tea, mother said only,

"Think it over, my daughter."

I thought it over. He was good, and I liked him. If I didn't love him, it was equally true that I loved nobody else, and was not likely to. Mother wished it, and perhaps I had better. Oh, if I could only love, so as to be free from this misgiving! The next Sabbath morning I said:

"I guess I had better, mother."

She came and put her arms about me, and when I dropped my face on her breast, kissed my forehead very tenderly.

A month or two after this, while out in the forest—rambling, reading, and thinking—Ponto, my guardian, suddenly burst away from me with most vociferous barkings, and before I could control him was beyond reach of my voice. I saw one of a company of travelers level a gun at him. Another knocked the muzzle up at just the right instant, and the spent shot fell rattling through the leaves about me.

I thanked the preserver of my dog; and when they asked me for a night's resting-place, pointed to our little log-house.

While they were at the table, I sat in the firelight with a vague sense of unrest on my spirits. The frame of mind was new to me, indescribably vague and yet positive. It seemed as though a new life were struggling with the old life—as though the chrysalis of childhood were being broken. I think it was; for when I rose to remove the dishes from the table, a pair of calm, clear eyes went with me round the room, were visible whichever way I turned, burned into my being until my face flushed and my temples throbbed.

The face was very different. [illegible] bearing firm and commanding rather than w[illegible] listless.

I would give no sign of reco[illegible]—not I.

When the others retired he [illegible]ered to talk with father, he said. Then he electrified father and mother as well as Dave and [illegible] by making himself known. Gave us all a hearty grasp of the hand. I never trembled so before; and I didn't look up at all. Though I dared not look at mother, yet I saw her dear motherly eyes fixed on me with sweet concern. I do not wonder. I look back to that evening now as a translation—as one would look upon a lightning transfer from the snows to the tropics.

That was four months ago. Carl says that his watching me, when I cared for him in his weakness, was because he read in my girl-face and girl-talk a promise of what he thinks he has in fulfillment now.

He says, Carl *can not* be right on this point—that he saw in me a native power and sensibility which would fit me for the position to which he could bring me. I try—for him.

He says he searched for us far and wide, and was never at rest till he found us.

Carl says I am beautiful now; I wish it were *really true*, for his sake.

I am Carl's wife; and he loves me.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES;

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N. (HARRY GRINGO), AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

PART II.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LAYING UP THE STRANDS.

IT was in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-two, and in the broad and commodious harbor of Kingston, a great mercantile haven, crowded with shipping from all parts of the commercial globe; land-locked by reef and ridge, with the rocks and heights crowned by frowning batteries of heavy cannon; while beyond was spread the lower and upper town, in masses of low two-story buildings, with piazzas, bright green jalousies, stately palm, tamarind, and cocoa-nut trees waving above them. At the mouth of the harbor strait, where stands Fort Augusta, lay a magnificent double-banked American frigate, with a broad blue swallow-tailed pennant at her main, standing out stiff, like a dog-vane, from the lofty mast, as the ship rode to the strong sea-breeze.

The stays and rigging came down from trucks, cross-trees, and tops, in straight black lines, from the great length of lower masts and enormously square yards fore and aft, and from side to side, till they met the long majestic hull and taper head booms; while below were two rows of ports with the guns run out and the brass tompions gleaming in their muzzles. The awnings were spread in one flat extended sheet of white cotton canvas from bowsprit to taffrail, and from the wide-spread lower booms at the fore-chains boats were riding by their painters. Within a cable's length of the frigate's black quarter lay a low rakish schooner, like a minnow alongside a whale, with a thin little coach-whip streaming from her main-mast head, a long brass gun amidships, and looking as trig and tidy as a French maid beside her portly mistress.

The bell struck in twin notes eight on board the frigate, echoed back from the pigmy near in a faint double succession of tinkles; the whistles resounded from deck to deck in ear-splitting notes, surging and chirruping all together, and then suddenly ceasing with a rattling beat of a drum and a short bellow of "Grog, ho!"

Between the guns of the main deck, and about the spar-deck battery forward of the main-mast, sat five hundred lusty sailors on the white decks around their mess cloths, bolting hot pea-soup after their grog, and chatting and laughing in a devil-may-care sort of a strain, as if the grub was good and the timbers sound, as they were, of the stanch frigate beneath them.

On the flush quarter-deck of the frigate, by the raised signal lockers abaft, stood a bronzed old quarter-master, a spy-glass resting on his arm, through which every minute he peered around the harbor, giving an eye, too, occasionally to the half-hour glass, whose sands dribbled steadily into the lower bulb on the locker beside him.

What cared he?—no wife or child to cheer him! No cares save but to see that the ensign did not roll foul of the halyards, that the broad pennant blew out straight, that the half-hour glass did not need turning, and that no boat approached the frigate without his reporting it to the officer of the watch. Naught else save, perhaps, whether the other old quarter-master, down below there on the gun-deck, had wiped from his lips the moisture of the mid-day grog, and would be up in time to take the relief while the pea-soup was warm. Nothing else!

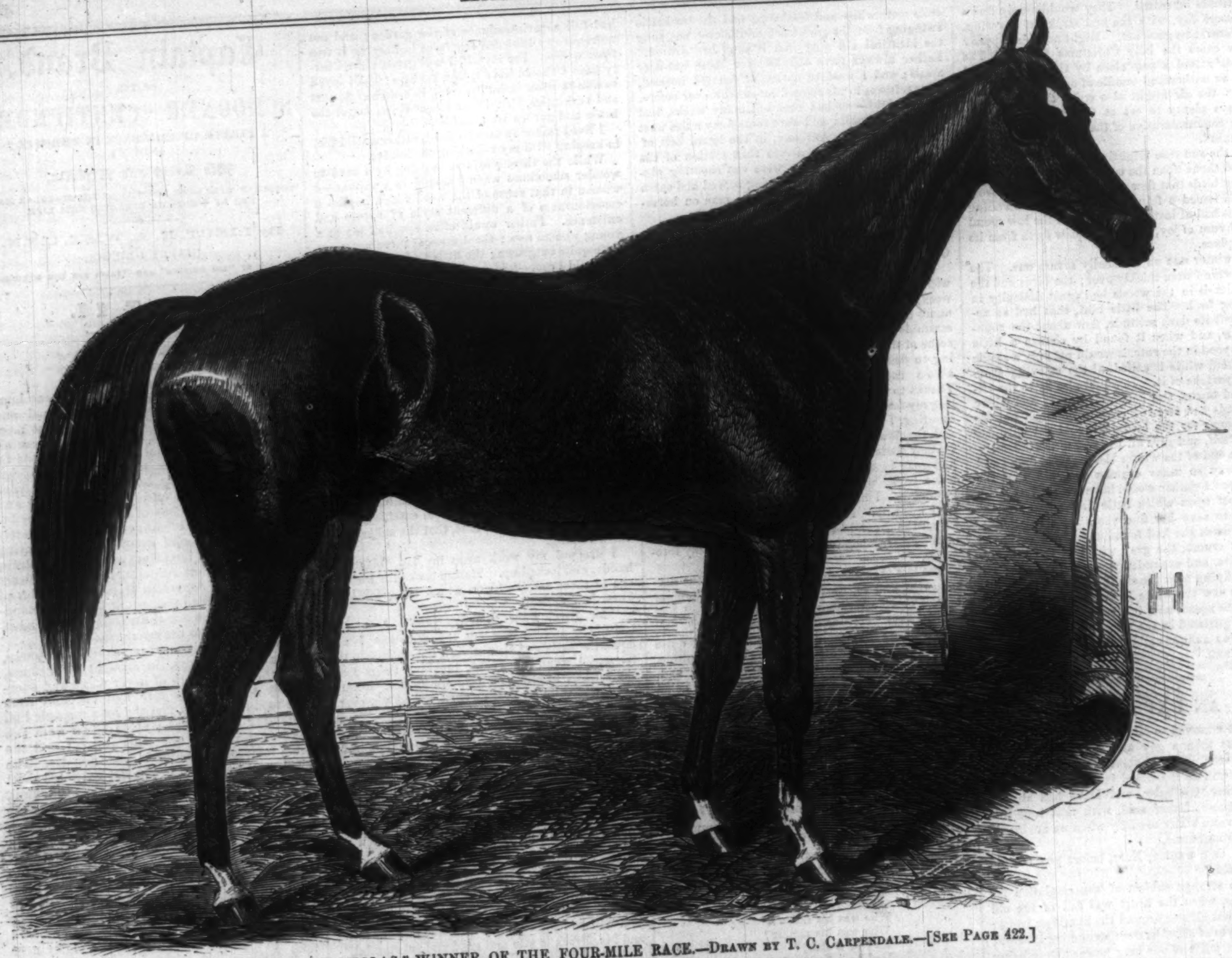
The lieutenant of the watch briskly paced the solid deck, scrubbed white as milk with lime juice and molasses, the even seams between the planks glistening like the strands of a girl's raven tresses as his profane and rapid feet pressed upon them. What thought he in his careless walk, with the gleaming bunch of bullion on his right shoulder, sword by his side, white trowsers, and gilt eagle buttons on his navy-blue coat?

He was thinking how his pittance of pay would support, in a scrimpy way, his poor mother and sister, who looked up to him as their only hope and refuge. And he thought, too, as he tramped that noble deck, made glorious by many a battle and victory in which he had borne an humble part, that his rich and powerful country would eventually reward him with increased pay and promotion. Was the single dollar which lay all alone in his trowsers pocket, and the light mist which arose off there beyond the Apostle's Battery, opposite Port Royal Harbor, an evidence of one or a sign of the last aspiration? We hope not; but we shall see.

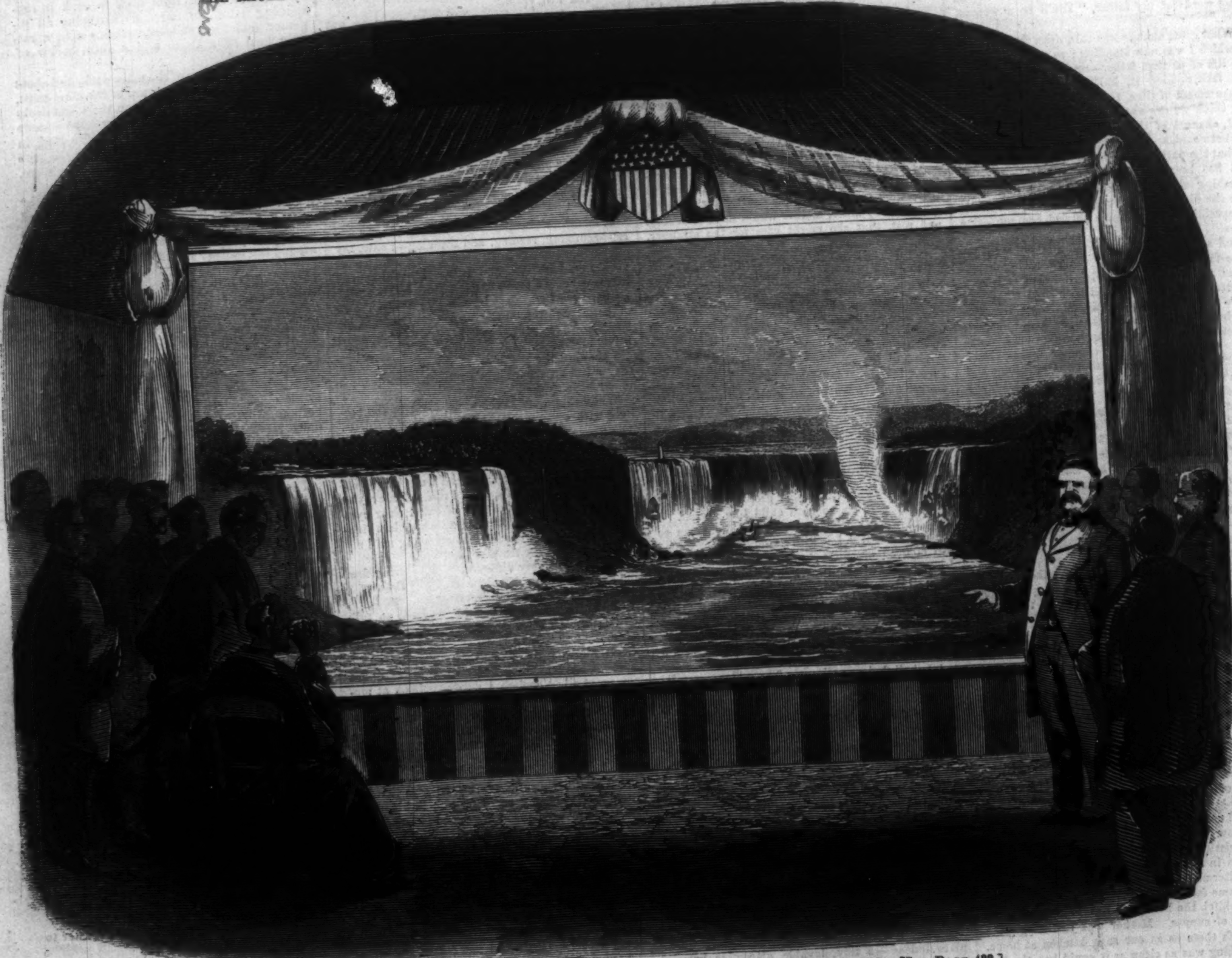
Three or four midshipmen, too, pranced over that frigate's white quarter-deck, on the port side, in their blue jackets and duck trowsers. Little gay madcaps they were, scarcely well into their teens, with little glittering toasting-forks of dirks dangling at their sides and ready for any lark or mischief.

"Two bells, Sir," said the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"Very good! Young gentlemen, tell the boatswain to turn the hands to, and have the barge manned. Let the first lieutenant and the



THE RACER "NICHOLAS," WINNER OF THE FOUR-MILE RACE.—Drawn by T. C. Carpendale.—[See Page 422.]



THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS VIEWING THORPE'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS.—[See Page 422.]

CAPTAIN JOHN VINE HALL, THE COMMANDER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."
[FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 422.]

marine officer know that the Commodore is going to leave the ship. There, no larking on the quarter-deck, Mr. Mouse!"

This last command was addressed to a tiny youngster who was hardly big enough to go without pantalets, much less to wear a jacket and order half a hundred huge sailors about who were old enough to be his great-grandfathers. But yet that small lad did it, and could steer a boat, too, or fly about like a ribbon in a high wind up there in the mizzen-top, while the men on the yard were taking the last reef in the topsail.

"Go down to the cabin, Sir, and let the Commodore and his friend know the boat is ready!"

Down the ladder skipped Mr. Mouse, and while he was gone the guard, in their white summer uniform and cross-belts, stood at ease resting on their muskets on the quarter-deck, eight side-boys and the boatswain at the starboard gangway, with the first lieutenant and the officer of the watch standing near.

Presently there came up from the after-cabin hatchway a fine, handsome man in the very prime of life, in cocked hat, full-dress coat, a pair of gleaming epaulets, sword by his hip, and his nether limbs cased in white knee breeches, silk stockings, and pumps. The one who followed him was apparently a much older man, with grizzled locks, a dark stern face, and without epaulets. The first raised his hat as he stepped on the quarter-deck—not a thread of silver was seen in his dark hair—and then both bowed to the officers, who saluted them as they moved toward the gangway. The boatswain piped, the marines presented arms, the drum gave three quick rolls, and the Commodore went over the gangway preceded by his companion.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD FRIENDS.

THE barge left the side of the frigate, a broad blue pennant with white stars on a staff at her bow, with fourteen handsome picked sailors to man her, all in clean white frocks and trowsers, with straw-hats and flowing black ribbons around them, on which was stamped in gold letters *Monongahela*.

The double bank of white ash oars flashed in the rippling waves of the harbor as the barge was urged over the water, the current seething and buzzing under her bows, and bubbling into her wake as she flew on toward the town. In a mahogany box at the stern sat a bushy whiskered coxswain, whose body swayed to the stroke of the oars while his hand grasped the brass tiller as he steered amidst the shipping. The Commodore had settled himself down under the boat's awning on the snow-white covered cushions in the stern sheets, and, with one foot resting on the elegant ash grating beneath, he began to talk to the grave gentleman who sat opposite to him.

"It is many a long year since I last visited this superb harbor, but I remember it as if it were yesterday. You never were here before, I think? No? Well, if any of the old set I once knew, when I was first lieutenant of the old *Scourge*, are yet alive, we shall have a pleasant time!

"One fine fellow," went on the Commodore, "I know is; his name is Piron. I had a note from him as soon as the frigate anchored yesterday, and I shall ask him to dine sociably with me on board this evening. I hope you will join us."

The grave gentleman said that he had business which would detain him on shore all night.

The barge swept up to the mole, the oars were thrown up at a wave of the coxswain's hand, and came into the boat on either side like shutting up a pair of fans, while the boat-hooks checked her way, and she remained stationary at the steps of the landing. The awning was canted, the Commodore and his friend got out and mounted the stairway, while the boat's crew stood up with their hats off. On the mole were four or five people in light West India rig of brown and white and broad Guayaquil sombreros.

"Cleveland!" exclaimed a tall handsome man, as he seized the Commodore by both hands, "how glad we are to see you! Here is Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns, and little Don Stingo, attorneys, factors, and sugar boilers; all of us delighted to welcome you back once more to Jamaica!"

Crowding about the Commodore, shaking hands and slapping one another on the back, standing off a step or two to see the effect of time on each other's appearance, laughing heartily with many a happy allusion to days gone by, those old friends and former companions, unmindful of the hot sun, stood there with their faces lighted up and talking all together.

"And you are a Commodore, eh! Cleveland, with a broad pennant and a squadron? Ah! we have kept the run of you, though. Read all about that action you were in in the *Epervier* and *President*, and that bloody battle in the *Essex* at Valparaiso with Porter. And here you are again, safe and sound and hearty!"

"And you too, Piron! The same as ever! Not tired of cane-planting yet? But how is Madame?"

"Lovely a girl as ever, Cleveland, but never entirely got over that sad loss of the little boy, you know. However, she will be overjoyed to see you. She's been talking of you ever since we saw your appointment to the station fifteen months ago. Apropos, we have her widowed sister with us, whose husband was killed at Waterloo, and our little niece who came from France. All out there at the old place of Escondido, where you must come and pass a week with us. Nay, man, no excuse! The thing is arranged, and it would be the death of Stingo, Tom Stewart, and Paddy Burns if you disappoint us."

"Well, Piron, I am your man, but not for a day or two, until I have made some official calls here on the authorities. Meanwhile, gentlemen, you all dine with me this evening on board the frigate; every mother's son of you! Coxswain, go on board and tell my steward to have dinner for six. Stop at the schooner as you go off, and say to Mr. Darcantel that I shall expect him to join us. Now, my friends, that matter is arranged, and we will all go off in the barge at sunset."

"Dry talking, isn't it, Stingo?" said Piron; "so Commodore, come, and we'll have a sip of sangaree and a deviled biscuit to keep our mouths in order. But, halloo! where is your friend, Cleveland? that tall man in black? Parson or chaplain, eh?"

"No," replied the officer, "an old friend of mine, my brother-in-law, who takes a cruise with me occasionally; but he never goes in society, and has taken himself off, as he always does, when we get in port. He is a glorious fellow though, and I hope to present him to you yet! Never mind him now."

Arm in arm went the blue coat and bullion, locked in white grass sleeves, along the busy quays, crowded with mule-carts and drays for stores or shipping. Spanish Dons, dapper Frenchmen, burly John Bulls, standing at warehouse and posadas, all with cigars in their teeth, which they puffed so lazily that the smoke scarcely found its way beyond the brims of their wide sombreros. Negroes, too, with scanty leg gear, and still scantier gingham shirts, having bales or boxes or baskets of fruit on their heads, never any thing in their hands, chattering and laughing one with another, as they danced and jostled along the busy mart. Then through the hot, sandy ruts of streets, pausing now and then to shake hands with some old acquaintance beneath the overhanging piazzas; sedan-chairs moving about with a negro in a glazed hat and red cockade at either end of the poles, in a long easy trot, as they bore their burdens of Spanish matron or English damsel, or maybe a portly old Judge or gouty Admiral, on a shopping or business excursion to the port. So on to the upper town, where the dwellings stand in detachments by themselves—single or in pairs, with spacious balconies and bright green Venetian blinds, all surrounded by gardens and vines; with noble tamarind-trees and cocoa-nuts swaying their lofty trunks and rattling their branches and leaves over the negro huts and officers below. Here the party stopped, and entering a house, were ushered into a cool, lofty room where there were a lot of mahogany desks and a single old clerk, who resembled a last year's dried lemon with some few drops of acid juice for blood, perched up on a hard stem of a high stool, with four or five quill pens, like so many thorns, sticking out above his yellow leafy ears.

"All by myself here, Cleveland, as I told you. All my people are living out there at Escondido. Very little business doing just now, and Paddy Burns and Tom Stewart haven't had a suit or a fight for the last six months. Inkstands dry, and my old clerk, Clinker, there, has forgotten how to write English."

"However," went on Piron, as the party threw themselves back on the wicker arm-chairs and enjoyed the breeze which fluttered merrily through the blinds, "the cellar isn't quite dry yet; and I say, Clinker, suppose you tell Nimble Jack, or Ring Finger Bill, to spread a little luncheon here, with a bottle or two of Bordeaux, or something of that sort?" The dried, fruity old gentleman dropped off his branch at the desk like a withered nut, and then, with a husky kind of shuffle, betook himself off.

"Queer old stick that!" said the Commodore, as he unbuckled his sword and laid it on the table.

"Ah! he grew here, and will blow away one of these days. My father used to tell me that he looked just the same when he first sprouted as he does now. But he is a dear, faithful old stump; and you must remember hearing, Cleveland, of that frightful earthquake here in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, which killed so many people? Yes! Well, it was old Clinker who saved my sweet wife—that is now—and her sister; though he was nearly squeezed—dryer, if any thing, than he is now—in doing it. He lay, you know, Stingo, supporting the whole second story of the house for seven hours, pressed as flat as a tamarind-leaf while they were getting those twin babies out of their cradle. Yes, God bless him! But what is more, he threw himself precisely where he did, as he saw the walls giving way, so that not a hair of those children should be injured when the beams came down. My father has told me since, that when they got a lever under the timber and wedged old Clinker out, he gave a kind of crackle; but in my opinion he has not drawn a breath from that day to this. And, generally, he is a very taciturn old root, and rarely opens his rind; but latterly he talks a good deal about the earthquake; says he's sure there'll be another awful one before an interval of forty years has passed, and wants us to go away. No objection, however, to coming back when the thing is over, and then waiting forty years for another. Don't laugh, you Paddy Burns, for if ever the *Tremblor* gives you one little shake, you'll jump higher than you did when that ugly Frenchman ran you through your waistcoat-pocket, and you thought it was your midriff. Now, Tom Stewart and Don Stingo, what are you grinning about? Your teeth will chatter so fast at the next quake that you won't, either of you, be able to deliver a charge to the jury over a false invoice, or suck another drop of old Antigua rum."

"But really, Piron," broke in the Commodore upon this voluble harangue, "do you give heed to these barkings of that old clerk?"

"Why, yes, Cleveland," replied Piron, with rather a grave manner, "I do; and, moreover, my sweet wife Rosalie out yonder, who has never got over her grief for the loss of our boy, regards every word old Clinker says as so much prophecy; and the upshot of the business is, I have made up my mind to leave the island."

"For where, my friend?—back to France?"

"No. Since the war and the peace, with Bonaparte at St. Helena, France is no place for an Englishman, even with a French father, and I am going to try America."

"Truly, Piron, I am charmed to hear it. But what part of America?"

"Why, I've bought a fine sugar estate at a bargain in Louisiana, and there we shall pass the remainder of our days."

"He! he!" sniggled Tom Stewart, while Don Stingo and Paddy Burns cackled incredulously; but at the same moment Ring Finger Bill and Nimble Jack, two jet-black persons, in loose striped gingham shirts and bare feet, with an attempt at a grave expression of thick-lipped coffee coolers, the whites of their eyes turned up with becoming decorum, and preceded by the old twig of a clerk, who seemed to crackle in the sea-breeze as he again hung himself, stern on, to his stool of a trunk, entered the cool counting-house, bearing trays, fruits, and bottles, which they methodically arranged on the large table.

"Massa! him want small, red, plump snapper, make mizzible brile?" said Nimble Jack. "S'pose Massa Ossifa him pick shell of land crab, wid crisp pepper for salad?"

"No, no! Put those cool water monkeys on the table and begone! Come, Clinker, take a bite with us!"

Leaving this pleasant party to sip their claret and water, and nibble their mid-day food, while they rambled back to the past or schemed into the future, we will return to the frigate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE COMMANDER OF THE "ROSALIE."

"THE *Rosalie's* gig coming alongside, Sir," reported the quarter-master to the officer of the watch.

"QUEER OLD STICK THAT!" SAID THE COMMODORE.

"Very well. A boatswain's mate and two side-boys. Mr. Rat, have the barge manned and send her on shore for the Commodore. Mr. Martin, tell the boatswain to call all hands furl awnings."

While these orders were being executed, the whistles ringing through the ship, the sailors lining the white hammocks, stowed in a double line, fore and aft, around the nettings of the frigate, in readiness to cast off the stops and lacings and let fall the awnings, the officer on deck stood near the gangway. At the same time there tripped up the accommodation ladder, lightly touching the snowy man-ropes, a young fellow of about one-and-twenty, dressed in undress frock-coat, one epaulet, smooth white trowsers, and shoes. Catching up his sword in his left hand as he reached the upper grating of the ladder, he took off his blue, gold-banded cap, and half bounded, with a springy step, on to the frigate's deck.

Observe him well, young ladies, as he stands there; for of all the scarlet or blue jackets, on whose arm you have leaned and looked up at with your soft violet, blue, or dark eyes, you never saw a young fellow that you would sooner give those eyes, or those warm hearts too, throbbing under your bodices, or who would drive you wilder to possess him, than that gallant young sailor standing on the *Monongahela's* deck. Ay, observe him well, that tall, graceful youth, with a waist you might span with one of your short plump arms; those slim patrician feet that might wear your own little satin slippers; then that swelling chest and those elegantly-turned shoulders — which will take both your arms, one of these days, to entwine and clasp around them! Ah, but the round throat and chin, the smiling mouth, half hiding a double row of even teeth, with the merest moonshine of a mustache darkening the short upper lip, and then those large, fearless hazel eyes, sparkling with health and fun, shaded by a mass of chestnut curls which clusters about his clear, open forehead! Ay, there he stands, "a king and a kingdom" for the girl who wins him!

"Well, Harry, give us your fist, my boy! How do you get on aboard your prize? Not so roomy as the old frigate, eh? And a little more work than when you were playing flag-lieutenant, eh? Well, glad to see you, but can't stop to talk. So jump down below there in the gun-room; the mess are just through dinner, and yours won't be ready for an hour yet. Come, bear a hand, or I'll let these awnings fall on your new gold epaulet."

The new-comer tripped as lightly down the ladder to the gun-deck as Mr. Mouse, and making another dive down to the berth-deck, exchanging a rapid volley of pleasantry with the midshipmen in the steerage, he opened the ward-room door and entered. There, in a large open space transversely dividing the stern of the ship, with rows of lattice-doored state-rooms on either side, lighted by open sky-lights from above, with a barrel of a wind-sail coming down between the sashes, and every thing, from beams to bulk-heads, painted a glistening white, and the deck so clean that you might have rubbed your handkerchief on it without leaving a stain on the cambric, around a large extension mahogany table stretching from side to side, the cloth removed, decanters and wine-glasses here and there, and water monkeys in flannel jackets hanging like criminals from a gallows from the beams above, sat the gun-room mess of the frigate.

"By all that's handsome, here's Darcantel! Why, Harry, we are delighted to see you!" exclaimed half a dozen voices; "come, sit down here and take a glass of wine with us!"

As the handsome young fellow entered the ward-room all faces lighted up as they saw him. The old sailing-master, who seldom indulged in more than a scowl since he lost his right ear by the stroke of a cutlass in capturing the tender to the *Plantagenet*, seventy-four, off the Hills of Navesink; the rigid old major of marines, who pipe-clayed his very knuckles and wore a stiff sheet-iron padding to his stock to encourage discipline in the guard; the dear, kind old surgeon, who swallowed calomel pills by the pint, out of pure principle, and who lopped off limbs and felt yellow-fever pulses all through the still watches of the hot nights with never a sign or look of encouragement; and the staid old chaplain, who had often assisted the surgeon and helped to fill cartridges, contributing his own cotton hose for the purpose when those government stores gave out in battle, and who never smiled, even when committing a marine to the briny deep; the purser, too, prim and business-like, looking as if he were a complicated key with an iron lock of his own strong chest, calculating perpetually the amount of dollars deposited in his charge, the total of pay to be deducted therefrom, and never making a mistake save when he overcharged the dead men for chewing tobacco; and the gay, young, roystering lieutenants, who never did any thing else but laugh, unmindful of navigation, pipe-clay, pills, parsons, or pursers, though standing somewhat in awe of the sharpish, exacting executive officer at the head of the table, all welcomed, each in his peculiar way, the bright, graceful young blade who dawned upon them. And not only the mess were cheered by his presence, but also a troop of clean-dressed sable attendants, whose wide jaws stretched wider, while the whites of their eyes seemed painfully like splashes of white-wash on the outside of the galley coppers, as they nudged one another and yaw-yaw'd quietly away aft there in the region of the pantry.

"Here, my salt-water pet, come and sit down by me where all those old fellows can see you! Steward, a wine glass for Mr. Darcantel! What? you won't take a sip of Tinta, and you can only stop a minute because you are to dine with your uncle the Commodore, eh? Well, I'll drink your uncle's health even if you don't!" said the first lieutenant, as he familiarly laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder and drained his glass.

"Why, Harry, what the deuce did you come down here for?" squeaked out the purser, as he unscrewed his lips into a pleasant smile. "You've put an end to that interesting account the master was giving us of how he lay inside Sandy Hook for six months with a glass to his—"

"Mouth"—broke in the surgeon.

"It was Sam Jones the fisherman,
Who was bound to Sandy Hook;
But first upon the Almanac
A solemn oath he took—
That he would catch a load of clams!"

"Silence there, you roarer!" said the surgeon, as he popped a filbert into the wide mouth of the rollicking fourth lieutenant, which cut his song short off. "Yes, Harry, that's what you have done in coming here for a minute. But stay a week with us and the master will tell it you again. We've heard it once or twice before."

The old grizzled sea veteran scratched the remains of his ear, and growled jocosely while nodding to young Darcantel.

"Ah, my dear boy! and I'll tell you how the surgeon and nip-cheese there were entertained by a one-eyed old Spaniard at St. Jago."

"Let's hear it!" roared every body, except the medico and purser. "Out with it, master!"

"Well, mess-mates, when we were in the old *Scourge*, a long time ago, one day we anchored in St. Jago de Cuba."

Here the surgeon and purser smiled horribly, and implored the grizzled old navigator not to go on; every body had heard that old story; he might fall ill with the *vomito prieto*, and would require pills; or else there might be found a mistake in his pay account, and he would like, perhaps, to draw for the imaginary balance not due him, and to drink his grog and scratch the remains of his old ear, or turn his attention to the load of clams waiting for him at Sandy Hook! But, for mercy's sake, don't repeat that silly, long-forgotten yarn!

"Well, mess-mates, in less than an hour after we had anchored in St. Jago they went on shore and made the acquaintance of a little, thin, sharp old villain, with one eye, who invited them to make him a visit, and pass the evening on a fine estate he owned near the base of the Copper Hills, some distance—about four leagues, I believe—from the town. He was a most respectable person, very rich, and commanded a Cuban guarda costa to boot. The Capitano Don Ignacio Sanchez—wasn't that his name, Doctor? Oh! you forget — all right! Off they started with a guide, on hired mules; but when they pulled up at their destination they found the Don wasn't there, though they were handsomely entertained by the Señora—a comely, fat, and waspish body, with very few clothes on—who cursed her Don for sending people to see her, and the visitors too for coming. However, as her guests had not dined, she fed them bountifully on a supper of the nastiest jerked beef and garlic they had ever smelled. You told me so, Purser."

Both Pills and Purser had forgotten all about it, and thought it would be better to talk of something else; that there was plenty of good wine to drink, in place of drying his lips on such dusty old rubbish.

"Well, mess-mates, after the supper the old lady demanded a little game of monté, and she insisted, too, on making herself banker, though she had no money on the table to pay with in case she lost—which she had no intention of doing. So she won every ounce, dollar, real, and centavo they had in their pockets! The Doctor and Purser told me they saw her cheat boldly; but yet she not only bagged all the money, but she won their mules into the bargain!"

Here those individuals confessed roundly—standing on the defensive — that the fat old Señora had a false pack of cards always ready in her ample bosom, and had cheated them in the barest manner conceivable; but yet they had no appeal, and were inclined, out of gallantry for the sex, to behave like gentlemen, though she did drink aguardiente.

"Well, mess-mates, toward midnight that hospitable wife of the Don began to abuse our friends for not bringing more cash with them when they visited ladies—and then fairly kicked them out of the house! Yes, you both told me so when I lent you the money to pay the boatmen, after being obliged to tramp all the way back to the port on foot, nearly missing their billets in the old *Scourge*."

"Go on, master! Tell us all about it; don't stop!"

"Well, mess-mates, I was on deck while beating out of the channel, and just abreast the Star Castle I saw a boat with two gentlemen in the stern, stripped to a girt line, and howling at rather than hailing the ship. Bear in mind, Doctor, the men refused to take either of you unless you gave them your coats and trowsers before shoving off. And don't you remember, Hardy, how they yelled at us, and we thought they were deserters from that English gun-boat in St. Jago? And how the captain arrested the pair of them when they got on board for going out of signal distance? This is the first time *I* ever told this yarn," concluded the old navigator, tugging away at the lobe of his lost ear.

The young lieutenants shouted, and the old major of marines, forgetful of his iron-stuffed stock, laughed till he nearly sawed his chin off, rubbing his chalky knuckles into his eyes the while.

"But first upon the Almanac
A solemn oath he took—
That he would catch a load of clams—"

"The barge is coming off, Mr. Hardy, with the pennant flying, Sir!" reported a reefer, in the midst of the conversation, to the first lieutenant, as he shoved his bright face through the ward-room door.

"Very good, Mr. Beaver; but hark ye, Sir! the next time you go ashore in the market-boat look sharp that the men don't suck the monkey. Three of them came off drunk this morning. And inform Mr. Rat and Mr. Beaver that if I see their heels on the stern sheets of the cutter's cushions again I'll take a better look at them from the main-topmast cross-trees. You understand, Sir? Steward, a glass of wine for Mr. Beaver!" Saying this, the executive officer, with Harry Darcantel, arose and went on deck to receive the Commodore.

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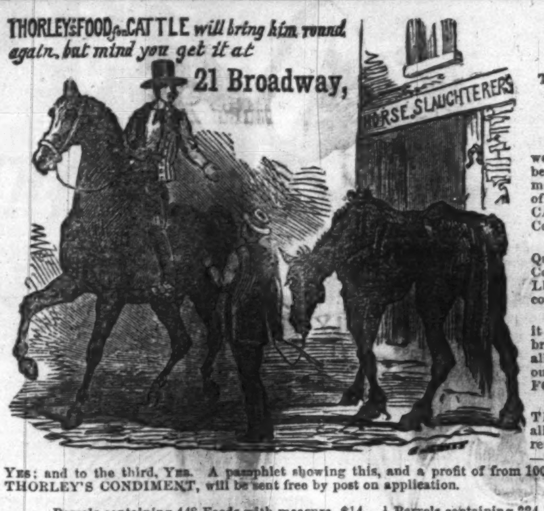

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